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The Commonweal

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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THE CRUSADE AGAINST COMMUNISM

WHILE the great cyclones of competing campaign oratory continue for a few more days to rage throughout the land, "the still small voice" of the wisdom of the Church has continued to utter words which the newspapers do not publish, or discuss, but which will bear fruit when the tempests of political passions die away, exhausted and futile. It is not probable that many of the delirious millions who are stirred to fever heat by the various radio speakers paid much attention to the radio voices speaking to all who cared to listen, last week, from Galveston, Texas, where the annual convention of the National Council of Catholic Women met. But after the polls close on November 3, whoever will have been chosen President, and his party, will realize that the great fundamental problems will not have been settled by campaign oratory, but, on the contrary, will press for solution even more insistently than during the emotional hurricane that has been obscuring the issues, rather than dealing with them reasonably. And the nation itself will realize that truth.

Of course, we do not mean that the election will have made no difference. Certainly, the continuance of the present administration in office, or the substitution for it of a Republican administration, will very profoundly affect the courses which will be followed by the American people. But for what our influence is worth, we must continue to insist upon what we have steadily maintained throughout this campaign, namely, that the great crisis through which we are struggling goes deeper than purely political instrumentalities can probe. Moral and spiritual means are necessary to deal with problems in which moral and spiritual factors are more operative—if less obvious—than political ones. Catholics, at least, should remember this truth. Upon them there rests the awful responsibility of dealing with the really

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fundamental forces of life. What may erroneously be ignored by others as mere pious platitudes, must be for Catholics words of a far more practical nature than all the passionate pleadings of politicians, urging their contradictory courses as the only possible acts of true patriots. We are thinking especially of what the Apostolic Delegate, Archbishop Cicognani, representing the Pope, had to say to the delegates at Texas. The Apostolic Delegate represents, in our land, not even that measure of temporal authority which the Holy See retains as a necessary instrumentality of its Divine mission, and which requires the use of the usual diplomatic means employed by all lawfully constituted governments. He is solely and exclusively the agent of the purely spiritual authority of the Church. Speaking in the name of that authority, he told American Catholics that the supreme issue of today, here as elsewhere in the world, is the struggle of the Church against the effects of "the denial of God, the widespread, vicious, unholy attempts against the Church, against that Christian liberty by which alone salvation can come unto the people, and by which alone civilization can live. . . . Facts such as these are brought home to you every morning in the newspapers. Therein you read of the tyrants' efforts to make religious education impossible. You read of the ruthless destruction of churches, of the slaying of religious, of the killing of priests. Is your soul moved with indignation? Can any Christian read of these things and not ask himself what he can do, to end or at least to lessen them?"

What, then, must the true Catholic Christian do? The representative of the Head of the Church answers: "It is our mission—our one supreme mission—to live the life of Jesus Christ and show it forth to others." "First, and above all other things, to pray." A crusade of prayer throughout the entire world: that is what the Pope desires. "Prayer is not alone a private matter—for own personal sanctification. Prayer is the offensive weapon against the evils of the world, especially in times of stress and of crisis. Prayer is the union of our hearts with the heart of Jesus Christ. Our prayer will cause to be poured forth upon the hearts of men His light, His power, His truth. Prayer is active work and more fruitful than the visible work of the hands or the brain. . . . The salvation of nations, our mission as apostles of Christ, will be fulfilled, not by the measure of our own abilities, but by the measure of our prayer."

There are no headlines in the daily press, over such words as these; nor are even the words themselves published. Yet they express once more what the Church has said, over and over again, for two thousand years. If they are not true, then it follows that Communism, the supreme evil of our age, must be right, and that religion is the opium of the people, doping them with vain illusions, and is not the power of the union of God with man, as established by Jesus Christ in His Church, for the revealing and the employment of truth, and, thereby, the dispelling of all illusions. Catholics hold to this truth. But are they employing it as they ought to do? This question every individual Catholic needs urgently to place before his conscience. Particularly is it necessary to do so now, when all our human nature is so aroused by indignation, and horror, as the plague of Communism rages in the midst of a Catholic people, and even invades our own land. To deal effectively with that plague, however, requires more, much more, than expressions of indignation, no matter how eloquent, or of horror, no matter how forcible—or of opposition, unless that opposition be directed by the spirit of prayer, by the will of the Church. As Monsignor Burke, secretary general of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, said, in introducing the Apostolic Delegate:

"Much, very much, is said against the dangers of Communism. I will subscribe to it all, and then add to it. But both the joy and the success of the Christian Catholic life, individually and socially, is that it holds a supremely positive, a supernatural content, a definite revelation from God, by which it leads us on the path of right and of justice and of peace; by which it overcomes the evil and sin and deceit of the world, and gives to every one of us the triumph of self and of human society in God. When you give to youth this plan, winning them to the worthwhileness of life, youth will then have the courage and the enthusiasm to carry on. You must not only refute Communism and infidelity; you must give the positive truth by which we are really free, free with the freedom of the sons of God. Inspired by that truth, our Catholic forefathers and we are and know ourselves to be a race of free men—not men and women who are willing to be slaves of a totalitarian state—of a state that makes this short earthly existence the end-all and the be-all. Hand down that inspiration and our children will call us blessed."

Week by Week

The Trend of Events

IT WAS doubtless unavoidable that the campaign should become, in these final weeks, rather interesting. Everything possible had been done previously to balance "Communist" against "economic royalist"; and the result was a very dangerous threat lest the issues at stake be confused with slogans. For this side-show both sides were responsible. One sees now that if Mr. Roosevelt had been a little less honest, he might have stolen the lime-

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light with a device reminiscent of the late Woodrow Wilson. "He kept us out of Communism" could, under the right maneuvering, have stymied even William Randolph Hearst. But, as has been indicated, the campaign finally became definite. Landon replied to Roosevelt, and then there was Rooseveltian rebuttal. The Republican candidate very rapidly became a much more effective speaker, and it is probably a little deplorable that the argument got under way after both were noticeably winded and their audiences tired. During the week antagonistic attitudes on problems of essential moment have been aired. If one has listened meditatively the result must be greater awareness of important situations and of political factors bound up with those situations. Yet of course few will believe that the outcome of the election depends upon what is being said currently. *Literary Digest* and other polls are not infallible, but they have indicated trends clearly in the past and cannot well be denied all semblance of verity now. But no great change in the figures they offer is discernible. There has been a swing back toward Republicanism, very much like the shift which was the feature of Mr. Wilson's second campaign. Accordingly one thinks that the real fighting will start after the voting is over—when the President has not ridden into the harbor on a big wave but has barely managed to swim to land on his own momentum.

Father Curran's "Front"

FATHER EDWARD LODGE CURRAN has issued an appeal which, if we understand it correctly, suggests the following things. There are 20,000,000 Catholics in the United States, more or less. These constitute a "front" which ought to be awakened to fight for the Constitution. This document in turn is a fundamental guarantee of social stability against irreligious revolution. Here, then, is a program which we should like to examine with a little care, since after all we are privates in the ranks. First of all: is it desirable to isolate Catholic public opinion as the word "front" suggests, and can it be done if it should be found desirable? These queries seem not wholly beside the point in times which have witnessed the Ryan-Coughlin debates among other things. For our part we believe the evidence is entirely in favor of the surmisal that there are at least six Catholic "fronts," some of which Father Curran would find it hard to control. The faithful seem in no great haste to sunder themselves from civic and social organizations which they have come to look upon as normal, and we are not sure that they ought to hurry. Once the isolation has occurred, it is relatively like rolling a river up a mountain to get rid of it again. But why should anyone feel that "defending the Constitution" is the slogan with which the "front" can march to battle? That slogan can mean a great many things. It can signify defense of the bill of rights incorporated into our fundamental law. It can also mean ultra-conservative sponsorship of the manner in which the Supreme Court to date has interpreted the meaning of our social tradition. Finally the phrase can indicate antipathy to everything currently designated by the first color in the nation's flag. We think it not captious to insist that membership dues in the "front" ought to be paid only after an explanation of these rather simple matters has been secured.

IF PROPERLY amended to meet the requirements of each age, the Constitution is an admirable document. But surely it is admirable only because the experience of the American people has been exceedingly fortunate in that a balance between conscience and practical government has usually been achieved. Sometimes, as just before the Civil War, the document itself did not suffice to prevent bloody conflict. Again, as during the era of prohibition, it created moral and legal difficulties galore. Yet the story as a whole is comparatively pleasant reading and it shows that we as a people have relished having a written constitutional law alterations of which had to be made in black on white. So far so good. We can be proud of the Constitution if we like, since there are after all legitimate reasons for being proud of the American people. The time may come when pride will give way to sorrow. If the groups possessing most strength so desire, the Constitution can be interpreted in ways bitterly unfair to great numbers of underprivileged persons. Our idea of a Catholic "front" is: let there be the fullest possible amount of cooperation with all sane and reasonable efforts to forestall such unfairness. For what would the Church in the United States be if workers ever grew persuaded that religion was not vitally concerned with their problems and rights? The only possible "front" would then conceivably be at the gates of the catacombs. We have every reason to beware of the prophets of godless revolution. But a good deal—more than is usually realized—will depend upon who locks them up.

The World Abroad

WE HAVE said that an understanding of current European developments must begin with the realization that the Franco-Russian pact is the major concern. During the past week, the Blum ministry has endured some further assaults upon that "corner-stone of French policy" under circumstances which hardly augur for ultimate success. The Belgian decision to fall back upon neutrality was from the point of view of the Low Countries a natural and common-sense

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step. It proceeds from the disillusionment of small countries with the League. But it is doubtless also based upon a wish to free Belgian foreign policy from any awkward situations that might grow out of the Franco-Russian pact. Meanwhile the British have been continuing a habit which might be described as playing the diplomatic franc against the diplomatic mark. They have reaped a series of minor rewards on both boards, without risking anything more than a shilling. But there is rapidly being created a situation of great theoretical import. If the French parliament should be unable to form a new government after further elections, one might see the creation of a Rightist dictatorship staffed by men who think—and openly think—that the salvation of France depends upon a triple alliance with Italy and Germany against Great Britain and without the League. Such a European dictatorship bloc would end republican institutions on the Continent for generations, but it might well possess certain other advantages. For the present, however, it remains a mere possibility, and there may be something else to report when it is seen how Russian and British minds confront the trend of which the Belgian action is a kind of indication.

Profit or Cooperation

THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE of the United States has just published a temperately written report on "Cooperative Business Enterprise Operated by Consumers." The gist of the conclusions is "that it is improper for governmental agencies to extend preferential treatment, as through tax exemptions or financing, to consumers' cooperative enterprises, since such enterprises are but another form of competitive force seeking to win the support and patronage of the American consumer." These conclusions emphasize the perfectly frank viewpoint of the Chamber of Commerce—it examines problems from a strictly private profit angle. The analysis by which the examining committee concludes that cooperatives are not in fact non-profit-making enterprises seems to us, ingenuous as it is, thoroughly deceptive. Profits are taken to mean any excess of income over operating expenses. The Chamber of Commerce refuses to admit that the unique way in which this excess is distributed by cooperatives sets them apart from profit business. It seem to us patently to do so. The preferential treatment given cooperatives is not described at any great length. We suspect one variety arises from the reluctance of governments to treat the above-mentioned excess exactly as the profit of private stores, or to treat leagues of cooperative stores, owned by their local patrons, in the same fashion as chains of stores owned by the same centralized stockholders. We sincerely hope the governments continue to make this distinction. The other variety of advantage given coops is probably propaganda and sound financing through such agencies as the Rural Electrification Administration and the various organs of the Department of Agriculture. Here again the government finds cooperatives are different from profit business and are better suited to carry on purposes of public welfare and specific purposes desired by legislatures. The interest of the Chamber of Commerce seems to testify to the difference. It is a most comical exaggeration of the secular spirit to claim that government should not judge the merits of the different organizations alive within the state. We think it very hopeful that the people of the country are inclining the government to judge favorably cooperation. Cooperators seek no favor from government, but they demand intelligent interpretation of what cooperatives are, and a fair judgment of what the figures on their books mean. It will be a very long time indeed before American governments can be validly accused of performing more services for consumers' cooperation than they do, in all their departments, for private profit business enterprise.

Safety Figures

THE PUBLICATION by the New York Police Department of the motor accident figures for the first nine months of this year continues the gratifying story of lessening hazard. The results in the two years since the intensive safety drive began may be gaged from a bald comparison between the 1933 and 1936 figures: accidents, 29,257 against 20,175; fatalities, 793 against 571; injuries, 34,481 against 23,888. There can be no doubt about the drift of these statistics—and no hesitation in assigning chief credit and praise for them. There is indeed, as First Deputy Commissioner Harold Fowler says in presenting the report, a notable change in drivers and pedestrians alike, a shift of attitude "from combative to preservative." But it is the determination of the police which has been the capital factor in bringing about the change. The press and the courts have likewise done good work in formulating and urging on the growth of safety-consciousness in the public mind. All in all, it is an excellent lesson in community cooperation, a lesson which should hearten any city anywhere; for there are factors which make the problem here uniquely difficult, and our traffic snarl may very well be considered the acid test of any safety system. Of course the battle is not yet won. The prevailing figures are still altogether too large. But if, to quote Commissioner Fowler again, New Yorkers actually begin to realize that their city is "more dangerous than the jungle," and to behave accordingly, that is (in the queer circumstances of modern life) the greatest gain recorded to date.

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THIS FARM QUESTION

By LEO L. WARD

Father Ward went back to the farm. He sensed once again the "human equation" that makes farming an adventure as well as a business—and an adventure, too, which affects the springs of deep, age-old emotion. But he also listened to an argument. The farmer felt that his work had become "a pretty big question," more significant and real than states' rights. He presented a point of view which is here restated for what it is worth as a diagnosis of an important national situation.—The Editors.

RECENTLY I went back to the country for a little vacation. All my books and papers were suddenly like dust blown out of my mind, and I found myself here among real people again, people with tired sun-bitten faces and long muscular arms, people who had been staring anxiously, since the first of May, into the dry blazing skies of this Midwestern corn country.

And then it actually happened—the miracle. Rain had come, the night before. A poor little rain it had been, quite inadequate for the corn and the soy beans and the pastures—and of course too late to help the wheat or oats which were already harvested. But still, it had really rained. The miracle had come to pass, and the people's faces were lighted this morning like those of tired pilgrims.

Along the edges of the road and in the wheel tracks here and there I could see evidence of the miracle—tiny shallow pools of black water that would be gone in another hour. I was riding into town with a young farmer. His face was like the sun-baked world all about me, freshened this morning for the first time since May. I knew he wanted to talk. I wanted as much as I could to console and encourage him, but I knew better than to begin too directly. Farmers don't like sympathy too frankly extended—it seems just a bit too soft. They refuse to be weaklings, either in their own eyes, or in yours.

"This rain really isn't anything, is it?" I said, as casual and off-hand as possible.

"Oh, I don't know. You can't quite say it isn't anything." The answer surprised me. Such optimism from a drought-harassed farmer was hardly less surprising than the rain itself.

"But it hasn't much more than laid the dust," I went on, feeling my way. "Under a sun like this, it will be all back in the sky in a couple of hours."

"No, not quite. Not all of it. It all fell on the corn, and the corn is big enough to catch it all. See, the way it is when corn's this far along, every drop of rain goes down the blades, and then the stalk, and then soaks into the ground right at the roots. You get even a little moisture down to the roots and it means something right now. The ears are just filling, you see."

I had no answer to this—no polite answer. I could see there was something to what he said. He was stretching his point a little, I knew. But it was good to hear him using such rosy words. He wasn't beaten. A true farmer, beneath his usual protective shell of pessimism, is like corn in a dry year: his roots are deep and they reach eagerly for life and all its faintest promises.

I was cautious again. "But it has been a pretty awful summer," I said, "hasn't it?"

He didn't speak for a little while. I watched the way he drove the car, with such easy assurance, and the way his eyes looked on up the road, very far, as if fixing upon the very truth before he would answer me.

"Pretty warm, all right. Some days it made a fellow wonder whether he was sittin' on a tractor or a fire. Once or twice I thought I heard myself sizzling. But that's all over now. I got cooled off."

This was not so surprising. A farmer will grumble about poor crops, and low prices for his cattle, but he will be slow to emphasize his personal discomfort. Personal comfort is rarely the first thing he seeks. And besides, I was beginning to remember an old truth I had almost forgotten: the farmer's surface of pessimism cracks up in the face of extreme hardship or difficulty. At such moments he looks not for the worst, but for the best. After hail or drought, he searches his fields not for the blasted ears, but for the green remnant of leaves and roots that may let him hope for at least some little harvest.

We were coming into town now. The maple leaves were already falling, prematurely, and they blew fitfully over the streets from the wheels of passing cars. In front of the clump of stores were a few groups of red-faced farmers. They had come into town, after the rain, for news, for talk—the threshing was done, and the fall plowing could not yet begin in their hard-baked fields.

We had stopped now at the "depot," beside the freight door. My friend the young farmer was getting a few bags of hog feed which he had ordered—"mineral" feed. "Don't need much," he told me. "Little of this stuff goes a long way. Conditioner, you know, that's all. They call it hog feed. That's a catalogue word. Medicine, tonic, that's all it is. Hogs and humans, they both

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get out of kilter for no reason sometimes, cause a lot of trouble. You got to keep givin' 'em something if you want to keep 'em satisfied." He dropped the bags snugly into their place on the bumper and stepped back into the car.

The station agent came to the door of the freight room and looked out at us. He didn't want us to go yet. He wanted us to stand and talk a while. It was the rain at first, of course—nobody could begin talking about anything else. There'd been a big rain out only a few miles north, the agent said, a real soaker. Some said there'd been hail with it, though, and the corn had been hit pretty hard. Well, pretty hard on the grasshoppers, too, said my young friend the farmer, very dryly, with a grin. Then we were ready to go. The motor was running. The agent leaned out cordially from the door, shouting to us.

"Well, all you got to do now is just feed them hogs. Just feed 'em and watch 'em grow."

The young farmer punched me in the ribs with his elbow, and I saw a slow grin coming over his face. "That's all," he shouted back. "Just feed 'em and watch 'em grow, and then—sell 'em. And say, Jake, you know the Democrats are going to give me $11 for those hogs. Remember, the Republicans used to give us $2 or $3."

The agent's face was instantly red. He was trying to say something back at us, but his voice was only a jerky mumbling. Though he could say nothing intelligible I knew he was bursting with argument. I knew, as well as if he had made a long speech, what his solution of the farm problem would be. He believed the farmer was starving the townsman with the help of a conspiring government. Cheap food for the city fellow—this was the first thing dreamed of in his philosophy. As we drove away we heard the agent's voice crying after us. He had finally found words. It was a high stuttering complaint, but I could only tell that he was cursing the Democrats.

"You know," my young farmer said as we drove out of town, "that agent down at the depot isn't what you could exactly call a fool. I was just trying him out. Kind of sorry I worked him up like that. I knew what he'd do. But he's not dumb. He knows a fact when he sees it. He knows what he has to pay for his bacon, and I expect it pinches. The only trouble with him is, he never knows more than about one or two facts at a time, and there are a lot of people just like him. The country's full of 'em. He just knows what he pays for his bacon and what I'm going to get for my hogs, and he goes on and says I'm starving him. He forgets—simply doesn't know anything about the margin between live pork and bacon. He doesn't figure on that. It's too complicated for him when he's mad like this. But I suppose you oughtn't to kid him too much. He's mad because he has to pay too much, and when a fellow's mad he's got to blame somebody right away, and it's quicker and simpler just to blame the fellow that raises the hogs."

We were out in the country now, whirling along beside the cornfields. I couldn't help noticing how short the corn was, in all the fields. The small pools of black water were now almost all gone from along the sides of the road. My friend shifted into a more comfortable position in the seat and chuckled once or twice to himself.

"But I guess you can't get anywhere fightin' with fellows that can't remember anything. Besides, you got to let people complain about something. Complainin' is one of the sweetest medicines there is. It's like a couple of pints of whisky when you're snake-bit. It makes you feel good, even if it doesn't cure you.

"But say, now, what do you think about all of this? I've been doin' all the talkin'. Do 'way too much of it all the time. What do you think about all this anyway?"

"Well, I don't know," I said, trying to seem a bit lofty and disagreeable. Here was my chance, and I didn't want to miss it—a chance to learn about some of the realities in the farm problem. "I don't know about all this governmental regulation of farming, and all this crop control, and the great expense it means. Take the way it has cut down the nation's food supply. If you can believe half of what you read in the newspapers . . ."

"What you read in the newspapers!" He turned and stared at me for a moment or two, then burst out laughing as he looked back up the road. He was relishing this, thoroughly enjoying it. "The newspapers! Say, I've just about quit reading the newspapers. They try to twist the facts about everything, especially about farming.

"Just take the drought. Why, if you believe the newspapers, you'd think the Democrats caused the drought—the Democrats and the farmers workin' together. You'd think they made it and sent it, just to starve all the city fellows. Or at least they'd ought to have seen it comin'. Ought to have known all about it beforehand. Why, according to the newspapers you'd think the Democrats and the farmers were God Himself, runnin' the weather. Well, I'm with the Democrats. Have been for the last two or three years. But I don't believe in going that far.

"Or take the AAA. Of course the court said it wouldn't do. Against the Constitution. Against states' rights. Well, I'm not any lawyer and I haven't read the Constitution so much since I left school. But say, now, this country has come to be a pretty big affair, since they made the Constitution away back there. And farming's got to be a pretty big question now, and I tell you it's been a pretty real question for the last ten or twelve years, especially for us fellows who have to do the worrying. Just a little bit bigger and realler

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than states' rights, if you ask me. Of course, maybe I don't see it quite fair and from all sides. I'll admit it makes me a little hot under the collar even on cool days. But puttin' the whole farm question into a thing like states' rights seems just a little too much like tryin' to put the whole wheat crop into a lawyer's vest pocket.

"No, I don't know a whole lot about the Constitution and states' rights, I don't suppose. But I do know something about crop control. Take your newspapers again. Why, they're still cryin' about those little pigs. You'd almost think it was poor little babies that were killed off. Never heard such sad mournin' about poor little pigs.

"Why, right here in this neighborhood, just before they started the AAA and before they started some kind of control on the hog crop, what were we up against then? Three-cent hogs, that's what we had in our pig lots. And what could we do about it? We could just go out of the hog-raisin' business, that was about all. And we were going out of it too. We were gettin' rid of our breedin' stock, selling off our brood sows, a lot of us were. There wasn't anything else to do. And then comes the AAA. And it meant something real for us, and something sure. Maybe it didn't mean everything, but it meant something sure, right before our eyes. And it saved the rest of our brood sows. We went on raisin' hogs. Not quite so many as we used to. But we went on raisin' as many as seemed reasonable at the time. Then the drought came, the first time, and we had to sell off our hogs early. We didn't have the feed to make prime stuff out of them. That's what shut off the pork supply — the drought. It wasn't the AAA. The AAA saved as much of the pork supply as it could—as much of it as it was possible for anything to save. But do the newspapers ever tell you anything about that? No, sir, they don't. The newspaper fellows don't seem to remember anything about what happened, and what they do remember they twist to please the city fellows.

"And now, here's the soil conservation. At last! They been talkin' about it for fifty years. But now we got it. It isn't in full swing yet, and it won't do everything. But in the long run it ought to mean a lot. It'll help us to plan things and raise what we ought to be raising. It will make things surer for everybody — farmers and city chaps both. But what do the newspapers say? They talk about wasting money. They say, let's quit spending money, and quit this government control, and just let production take care of things naturally. Why, how are we going to get out of this hole unless money comes from somewhere? Unless the people get hold of some money to spend, what's the use of goin' on producin'? Producin' naturally! That's just a lot of simple unfertilized nonsense. There isn't any way it can make horse-sense. But I suppose horse-sense isn't what these newspaper fellows and these states' rights lawyers are looking for. Well, I'll tell you, there are a lot of newspaper fellows and states' rights lawyers and politicians out of jobs, just a lot of 'em that I wouldn't give pasture to in a wet year, and excepting last night we haven't had any rain around here this summer since May 1."

We were stopped here now in my young farmer friend's garage. He had been standing there for five minutes, one foot lifted to the running board, lecturing me vigorously. I felt a little like a composite newspaperman and lawyer. But it was good to see him carrying the hog feed away toward his feed lots now. It was good to see his straight, firm tread over his own ground, and his straw hat pushed almost carelessly back on his brow. And it had been good to hear a man talk about this eternal farm question with a sun-browned hand resting on at least some of the realities.

PAIN: A MEDITATION[1]

By PETER LIPPERT

LORD, Thou canst not laugh at us. Thy greatness will not let Thee. But surely Thou must be able to weep. To weep over our sorrow! For Thou art good and merciful enough to be able to share our tears. Thy Son, Who came into our midst, also wept over our cities, over our dead, over our tombs.

But it was Thou who didst create pain and suffering. How then can we suppose that Thou weepest over them? Sorrow hovers over Thy world like a dark cloud which never moves away. All Thy creatures are garbed in the dark cloth of pain. Yes, pain intensified to the highest possible point—pain that is torment, fear, terror, horror. And all these proceed from Thee. Thy natural laws are founded upon sorrow. Was this necessarily so? Though living things must devour one another, must live at the expense of one another, why need there be so constant an accompaniment of cruelty?

Listen to all the death cries, the screams of agony, the mad yells of pain, which creep out of Thy nights! And the higher Thy living

[1] From "Job the Man Speaks with God," to be published by Longmans, Green and Company.

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creatures climb on the ladder of their existence and their perfection, the more also do they live in torment. The nearer they approach the heights of the spirit, Thy Spirit, the more pain do they inflict upon one another. The reason is not merely that they become intelligent enough to improve their methods of warfare and to sharpen their weapons, but also that they grow wicked. On the pinnacle of Thy world is man; and he is worse than all the creatures of the forest primeval. In his wickedness he has invented a whole new world of torment and perfected it. Alone and by his own power he has lighted a hell of his own.

Moreover, the higher and more refined Thy creatures are by reason of development, the more sensitive and receptive do they become to pain. They actually awake in pain when they awake to life. If they had been allowed to remain on the level of a dull organism, they would suffer vastly less. But the law of development which Thou hast placed in them forces them to get up and climb on and open their eyes . . . to terror, and to the numberless torturing demons who are to torment them. They develop many new senses, so that they may breathe in fear. They fashion unto themselves new organs of perception, and by reason of them become still more definitely the victims of the general flood of sorrow.

Now to be sure Thou hast built somewhere in the stairways which lead to the tallest towers of existence, a threshold and a door behind which torment is to remain, and where the struggle against suffering is to begin. On the other side of this threshold man is to relieve pain, fight against it, mitigate it. For the highest command Thou couldst issue, the commandment of love, says and implies that we are to spare one another and all living creatures as much pain as possible and to reduce as best we can the flood of anguish.

There man who has grown conscious of Thy command set out, as the first of Thy creatures, with the resolution and the will no longer to torture but to do good. And it is a dependable sign of advanced humanness when men, even in the majority and in their public opinion, find it despicable to torture other creatures. Is this not a sign that they are also closer to God? Now we think that we are finally to see Thy true image again and the reflection of Thy real nature—the nature of a kind and beneficent God. For this is the remarkable thing: we cannot believe that Thou hast willed that pain should be the final meaning of Thy work. We must constantly see Thee on the other side of the mysterious threshold, where suffering is surmounted through the fullness of an all-powerful love.

But on this side of that threshold, on the lower reaches of existence and on all routes that lead to the final meaning of Thy creation, Thou hast nevertheless ordained that suffering should be. Incomprehensible mystery! When art Thou Thyself? Dost Thou reveal Thyself more fully when Thou createst pain, or when Thou dost invite those who are weary and heavy laden to come to Thee because Thou dost wish to refresh them? In which of these two cases do we know Thee best and most intimately?

I can easily find a number of reasons why Thou hast wished that pain exist here or there and accordingly hast created it. But these reasons do not help me much. They are all like blind roads which soon end somewhere in no road at all.

There is a suffering which arises from guilt. Yes, this must exist. Why should not separation from Thee mean unhappiness? I understand Thee and I like to applaud Thee when Thou strikest the wolves who pursue Thy lambs with Thy herdsman's stave. But behold, this stave also strikes Thy poorest and smallest lambs. Why dost Thou not punish only those men who out of meanness or folly make others suffer? Why dost Thou not forbid them to approach Thy flock? But this Thy flock is always being beaten. When the wolf comes, the lamb is flayed; and if the wolf is driven off, the lamb is also struck with the crook. Yes, suffering often seems to fall most heavily on the innocent, who have done no wrong. Hast Thou willed all this? Hast Thou wanted children also to suffer so?

Suffering is for the stream of life what the down slope is for our earthly rivers. It acts as a propelling power. Without pain life would be stationary and hidebound: it would never start to flow, and in flowing deepen, spread out and clarify.

But how does it happen that precisely the life that is most in movement, that no longer needs any propelling energy, must also be subject to suffering and must endure still more than all the rest of life? It is just with love—and love grown mature and pure and holy—that suffering is most inextricably bound together. Sometimes it seems as if sorrow were really the heaven toward which Thou leadest Thy most beloved, desiring there to consecrate and sanctify them for the reception of Thy most ardent testimonials of affection. Should not Thy love and Thy commandment of love be taken to imply that suffering is to be mitigated? But precisely this mandate leads to an increase of pain—for those who love and also for those who are beloved.

Only with the help of suffering canst Thou make love fruitful. Only in pain do Thy great lovers bring forth something that lives. Without pain even the greatest affection is sterile. To be sure most men remain unfruitful even in suffering, because they have no love. And that is

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the reason why Thou hast strewn such a tremendous number of sorrows over the world—only that some, who love, may be fructified! Thou art like a strange sower who sows immeasurable quantities of seed with both hands, casting it to the four winds and over the whole meadow, solely to make sure that one or the other grain of wheat comes up. That does, one must admit, bear fruit one hundred fold. Yes, Thy prodigality is admirable; but behold, it does nevertheless involve the suffering of Thy ceatures. Must millions be tortured so that one may become wholly mature and tall and godlike?

Thou hast builded upon sorrow not merely the kingdom of life, but the kingdom of the spirit as well. Was that necessary? It is true that our earthbound souls are rooted deep in the soil of bodily life. Accordingly they cannot arise except upon the foundations of life and therewith also of suffering. This I fully understand. But why is that which is purest and freest in our souls also subject to this terrible law? Behold all knowledge means sadness to us; everything we learn destroys another paradise. All development leads to a fall, precisely because it provides a height from which to fall.

Thus even the realm of pure love, Thy love, is based upon pain. As often as I become acquainted with a human being, led by Thee to a friendship in Thee and for Thy sake, then suffering soon looms like a giant between us. Everyone that loves must suffer unless he have control over Thine infinitude. And who could comprehend and bear with that? Our love is also something unbounded—unbounded desire to give. And as soon as it is cramped into the limitations attendant upon all created things, it must suffer. For this reason Thine own Son was compelled to suffer, when out of love He had become a man. He could not spend His days in unclouded happiness and tranquillity. That was utterly impossible . . . for He was a lover. And the greatest agony is that caused by the fire of love. Thee alone this fire cannot injure, because it and Thou are one. The whole of love's fire—that Thou art, and therefore we must suffer most by reason of Thee, of Thy coming and Thine intimacy, and of Thy going and Thy remaining distant. Thou art our greatest sorrow. . . .

Thus suffering surrounds and pours into us from all sides, everywhere we go. It is present and grows steadily, no matter what we do. It grows with our love and with our hate; it grows through goodness and also through wickedness. It is like the dust, the grey dust, that is churned up on all the highways of Thy world. As soon as we move a little we suffer; and if we should like to remain motionless, we would immediately be pushed from somewhere and hurled to some place, and therewith suffering would rise up in whole clouds. The bodies Thou hast created produce warmth no matter what they do; it matters little if they press themselves together tightly and firmly, or whether they rush apart like lightning. There is always warmth. And in the same manner Thy living creatures and even Thy spirit worlds forever produce pain, no matter what they do.

Thou hast created suffering. Thou hast willed that it should be, and not merely to serve as a delicate and hardly detectable spice of life, keeping that life fresh and healthy. No, Thou hast made oceans of suffering, orgies of pain. And I cannot see why they were needed to preserve Thy world. Thou hast walked over the suffering of all individual creatures toward the achievement of Thy world plan, just as Thou hast gone ahead regardless of individual lives. Thou hadst Thy reasons for creating these seas of suffering, and Thou hast created them. Thou walkest across these seas, which are made of tears. And sometimes the storms lash the water as high as heaven. . . .

When cities collapse and waves of conflagration flare above the ruins, when the water in the houses and the streets begins to boil, when every creature begins to do the opposite of what he really ought to do—the solid earth wavers, and the water burns, and the support-giving walls and pillars oppress—

But all this is only a faint image of the whole, tremendous, indescribable ache that forever and unceasingly rests on the quiet, wide foundations of the souls of men!

Lord, everything is dipped in sorrow excepting Thee. Thou givest the sea of sorrow permission to toss its waves as high as the foot of Thy throne, into the very presence of Thine august Majesty; and everything that proceeds from Thee is automatically swallowed up in those dark, boiling floods. Thou Thyself, when Thou didst determine to come down into this world, wast constrained to dive into the waters of sorrow that surround Thee.

Lord, Thou hast created pain. There are persons who know everything, and who also master Thy towering ideas and decisions so well that they can map them out very neatly. They explain all and prove to me that nothing else is possible and that everything that is is for the best. But I have no love for these men who explain all things. And least of all do I find pleasure in those who explain Thee, who justify Thee, and find a motive for every action of Thine. I prefer to admit to Thee that I do not understand Thee. I do not understand why Thou hast created pain — why Thou hast created so much pain, so much screaming, maddening, useless pain. I prostrate myself before Thy majesty. I am all Thine. But I do not dare lift my eyes to Thee just now. There is too much sadness and mourning in my eyes. I cannot face Thee now.

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ERNEST HEMINGWAY: A NOTE

By HARRY SYLVESTER

SOMETIMES in Paris after the war and before he had had any recognition, Hemingway was quite hungry. Although, among other things, he had written and was trying to sell "The Undefeated," "Fifty Grand" and "My Old Man," three of the finest short stories in the language, he could not sell them. *Querschnitt* did finally buy "The Undefeated" for $150 and had it translated into German. But there was a time before that when Hemingway stopped writing short stories (editors sent them back saying they liked his "conte" or "sketch" but would like to see a short story) and wrote an article on bull-fighting. It was probably the first definitive, though brief, work on that subject in English. Hemingway sent it, accompanied by snapshots he had risked his life in the bull-ring to make, to *Vanity Fair*. That precious magazine returned everything with a letter saying it was not interested in bull-fighting. Finally, things became so bad that Hemingway's friend, John Dos Passos, sold his typewriter so that they could eat.

Hemingway wrote "The Sun Also Rises" in five weeks and rewrote it in six more. Mr. Thomas Beer has remarked that "the history of a triumph is always dull." To ignore the critical aspect of Hemingway's triumph with this book and to recite only its financial ramifications may make it less dull.

Out of that distillation of the despair and tragedy of a generation, Hemingway made about $70,000. Almost all of it went into a trust fund for a dependent of his. When one of the more blatant American monthlies cabled him—after the triumph, of course—an offer of $35,000 for the serial rights to his next novel and $2,500 apiece for his next ten short stories, Hemingway refused the offer. He felt that his writing might suffer if he knew that just anything he might turn out, good or bad, would command that much money. Amazed and horrified, the magazine sent one of its editors, a personable young woman, to Paris with orders to sign Hemingway to contracts for his work. Hemingway was broke again, but he bought the young lady her lunch, listened to her politely for some time and sent her back to America without a contract.

Vanity Fair — also after Hemingway had a name — wrote to him, offering $1,200 for any short piece he might care to do on the bull-fight. Hemingway didn't answer the letter. This characteristic disregard of money is one of the many things about Hemingway that annoy many of his contemporaries. One more example of it will suffice for my purpose. The story of the sale of "A Farewell to Arms" to the cinema might prove libelous if told in full. After it had been sold to the picture people in the form of a not very good play by Laurence Stallings, and Stallings and Hemingway split $80,000 with an agent, Hemingway decided that the half-hearted consent he had given to the sale should not have been given. But the damage was done. The picture people offered him $2,500 a week on a ten-week contract. Hemingway knew that when Hollywood brings a major author to California to "advise" as they film his work, he does simply nothing, although his presence is considered to have given tacit consent to whatever butchery the great minds there perform on his work. Hemingway refused the offer. Hollywood raised the ante to $3,500 a week and Hemingway refused again. Amidst, one may imagine, a chorus of "oi-oi's" the ante was raised to $4,500 a week for ten weeks. When Hemingway twice refused this last offer, Hollywood pulled itself together and went ahead with the film.

It is conceivable that such a man might make a dangerous enemy, that such a man believes in the authenticity if not yet in the greatness of his own art. It is necessary to state again that Hemingway is a very fine artist. There are several reasons why it is necessary to reiterate the fact of his fine artistry: he has many enemies, most of them members of the literati and most of them moved by a single thing, jealousy. They say his work "dates." They say he is not interested in the "class struggle." (The American exquisite, Mr. Edmund Wilson, particularly insists on this.) They think his many enthusiasms are at best "quaint"; at worst "affected." Their own enthusiasms are affected; therefore Hemingway's must be. . . . It is all very logical.

Puritans, of whom the Catholic Church in America has more than a fair share, condemn Hemingway as an artist because of his subject-matter, as if subject-matter went more than only a very little way toward determining a man's artistry. People without subtlety, people who are overawed by purple writing, hack-writers, say that they cannot understand him or that anyone can write that simple stuff.

It would be impertinent after so many competent critics have done so and, addressing the audience of THE COMMONWEAL, irrelevant to attempt to explain just why Ernest Hemingway is a fine artist. Certainly other writers have written more consistently upon great themes. (All the bad Catholic and Communist writers have.) The thing that differentiates art from non-art is form,

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not theme, although theme can make good art, great. It is enough to point out that Hemingway is still a "subtle doctor" of words in a time of unsubtlety; that he is the master of the unstressed implication; that he uses simple and common words but in new and vital combinations. He has written—and here his invariably unsuccessful imitators have had their fall—that "a writer who omits things because he does not know them only makes hollow places in his writing"; but "if a writer of prose knows enough about what he is writing about he may omit things *that he knows* [italics mine] and the reader, if the writer is writing truly enough, will have a feeling of those things as strongly as though the writer stated them." He insists that the reader come up to his level; he will not descend to the reader's.

Which is already too much of an apologia for the art of a man who needs none. If there are still intelligent people who cannot recognize this man's art as genuine (which is the most one can say of the art of a contemporary) then I am very sorry for them, but I am not going to try to explain why it is genuine. As for his enthusiasms and for the sneering at them by the literati—it is always good to remember that the literati either are or would like to be sophisticated. Hemingway's interest in hunting, fishing, fighting, drinking; in boats, Spain and children; in the Negro press, the very rich, guns and the speed of porpoises indicates no mere childish delight in the novel or the strange; the thing is that he has lost no enthusiasm, not because he fails of penetration or analysis, but because that penetration and that analysis of his is sharper and goes deeper into old and new things than do those of his contemporaries, and there is a constant process of discovery and appreciation of the hidden values of even the very familiar things.

One hears by word of mouth that Hemingway has become a Catholic. This is inaccurate: Hemingway has returned to the Roman Catholic Church, in which he was baptized some years ago. His reasons for leaving the Church are his own and may come out if he ever chooses to do an autobiography. I feel free only to speak of one of them and to make a surmise regarding another.

When, after being on the bum as a hobo since he was fifteen, after working in factories and fighting at smokers for a meal, Hemingway found his way to Italy at the start of the World War, the Italians welcomed this American still in his teens and made him an officer. Some time later they also took 251 pieces of trench mortar shell out of one of his knees, but that is another story. While waiting for zero hour to attack the Austrians, the men under Hemingway, like the rest of the Italian army under similar circumstances, drank a mixture of whisky and ether to key them up. Zero hour came and the attack was called off. Hemingway's men, on edge and half-savage from the strain and the drink, broke discipline and went to a village behind the lines and proceeded to attack all the women in it. Hemingway, although his own life until then had shown him many unpleasant things, was sickened; and when he was commended the next day instead of reprimanded by his superiors for allowing the men to find an outlet for their savagery, it is not unreasonable to believe that the boy thought there might be no God. And when the exact same experience in every major detail was repeated the following night and morning, he possibly felt quite sure there was no God.

He was away from America for eleven years. After the war he spent many years in Spain, which was not always a country for a Catholic with a weak faith to look deeply into. And now that although Hemingway has come—by whatever weary way he himself only knows—to accept again the spiritual body of the Church, he is still distrustful of at least part of the corporal body of the Church.

Hemingway goes to Mass every Sunday. When he does not like a sermon, he goes out of the church or chapel until the sermon is over. (No, not to smoke a cigarette. He doesn't smoke. He is very proud of his sense of smell, which enables him to scent game in the woods at a distance, and that is one reason he does not smoke.) He is of the Church, but not dedicated to it. He is dedicated to nothing but his family and his art. He will never be dedicated to the Church in the same puerile sense that Communist writers are dedicated to Communism. But some day he may write the first great Catholic novel in the English language. This has not been done, of course. There has been, in the last couple of years, some approach made to the effort and two or three Catholic novels by Americans have at least been rated of some distinction.

There are still very few good prose writers coming out of Catholic colleges. It is still most sensible to look toward Ernest Hemingway for the mythical novel. The fact is that he is the only Catholic among those great living artists whose medium is the English language; and that Morley Callaghan is the only Catholic writer whose place among them seems at all imminent. Belloc, the Walshs, Knox, Leslie and the other few good Catholic writers today are primarily scholars. I am not talking about the Catholic lack of scholars, although that is bad enough; I am referring to the lack of artists, which is worse. Much worse.

It is Hemingway's love of and belief in reserve and briefness which led Mr. Wyndham Lewis, in the only bad article the *American Review* ever published, to call his characters dull, leaden and frustrated as well as inarticulate. Mr. Aldous Huxley also complains about the lack of culture

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in Hemingway's books. Now, it so happens that Hemingway believes a novel should be about people, not about ideas or culture; and he writes about lost people, bitter people, violent people, none of whom are as articulate as, say, English exquisites. Comments on art, Hemingway believes, should be reserved for conversation or the essay, of which he has produced some admirable examples. Mr. Huxley has long been noted for a strange, bastard sort of writing, neither novel nor essay, in which the characters give vent to noble sentiments, comments on literature, music and painting and anything else Mr. Huxley happens to want to include. Now the novel should concern people, not culture, but as Hemingway has pointed out, Mr. Huxley's form may be explained by the fact novels frequently make a good deal of money for their authors, while essays are modestly paid for. Or could it be that these two excellent Englishmen are lacking in subtlety?

Fine words and noble sentiments are not prerequisites or marks of sentience or intelligence and I doubt that Mr. Huxley ever wrote a story as sensitive as "The Undefeated," which is about an old and very brave bull-fighter, but an amazingly uncultured and inarticulate one; or that any of Mr. Huxley's characters was ever as sensitive as the boy in "My Old Man." The fact is that Hemingway is a fine artist and his artistry happens to include culture. Mr. Huxley and Mr. Lewis are merely cultured. Because that is all they have, it is on the surface of their writing at all times, it is their only yardstick; and they resent the artistry of a man whose simplicity, reticence, subtlety and knowledge of many, many people—including a few cultured ones—enables him to say all the things Mr. Huxley and Mr. Lewis do and much more, in fewer and simpler words than they use. Possibly in the old days they would have had Hemingway burned as a witch; certainly Mr. Huxley and Mr. Lewis are puzzled and angry at the man's ability; so Mr. Lewis calls him an "ox," and Mr. Huxley—with, one may fancy, just a trace of a lisp—says that "it is not at all uncommon now to find intelligent and cultured people doing their best to feign stupidity. . . ."

Gertrude Stein was more crude. Knowing Hemingway better than the Englishmen, she indicated in her autobiography that Hemingway lacked courage and was a poor boxer for all his talk of it. She wanted to hurt him and she did, much more than Mr. Huxley and Mr. Lewis did or could. But she was no less inaccurate than they, although I suspect that she was moved more by a jealous malice than by ignorance. For Ernest Hemingway is a very brave man and, knowing him, anyone must be a fool or a liar to say otherwise. His boxing ability is something else and, while I know a good deal less than Miss Stein about writing, I know as much more about boxing than she does. A fair estimate of Ernest Hemingway as a boxer today is this:

He has a fine left hand and a passable right and can hit and block very well with either, although he has been slowed down and handicapped by a bad knee, a bad eye and a deeply scarred deltoid muscle which pains a good deal when he blocks with it. From having watched repeatedly the great English boxer, Ted Lewis, and from having boxed frequently in gyms with the late Harry Greb, Hemingway knows almost every dirty trick in boxing and, if an opponent wants to lower the level of a fight, will not hesitate to use them. His endurance is not good, usually, but he can cut you badly with his straight left and, if given a chance to get set, probably knock you out with his right.

Three assorted members of the literati during the time since Miss Stein's autobiography appeared, have believed Miss Stein and picked fist fights with Hemingway, with disastrous results to themselves. The last of the trio, a bad poet but a big man physically, fought Hemingway in Key West last winter and afterward was confined to his room for five days with a day and night nurse.

I conclude with his own concluding words of "Death in the Afternoon":

> The great thing is to last and get your work done and see and hear and learn and understand; and write when there is something that you know; and not before; and not too damned much after. Let those who want to save the world if you can get to see it clear and as a whole. Then any part you make will represent the whole if it's made truly. The thing to do is work and learn to make it. No. It is not enough of a book, but still there were a few things to be said. There were a few practical things to be said.

There are more things to be said about him. A lot more. And I hope someone will say them soon in longer, better and more permanent form. Meanwhile "there were a few practical things to be said."

Aquarium

Here in a glassed-in smaller ocean glide
the iridescent scales, the scarlet fin,
the restless lovely silver-spattered side,
the flashing minnows exquisite and thin.
Here the inhabitants of the emerald sea
swim under lesser waves, and such small tide
as here occurs, not by the moon's bright mastery
is driven. Among the weed-strewn rocks abide
the rare fishes, opal, stroked with blue.
And all this silent beauty, floating, strange,
bearing the colors that have shuttled through
the gloom above the ocean-bed, will range
forever in my mind, forever be
my heart's remembrance of the deeper sea.

FRANCES FROST.

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ON THE EVE OF ELECTION

By CHARLES WILLIS THOMPSON

AS OCTOBER draws to a close, the election probabilities seem fairly clear, and this is usually the case. The indications are for the reelection of Mr. Roosevelt, by a greatly reduced popular majority and with the loss of many states that he carried in 1932—so many that, to a wise man, his reelection would carry at least as much warning as pleasure. For Mr. Roosevelt, if these indications prove correct, is to have not a triumph but an escape; and all history is here to tell him that it will be by his second term he will be judged, not by his first. If he refuses to take the warning given by his loss in popular confidence and in state alignments, his second term will be no more successful than Grover Cleveland's.

In order that these statements may not be overvalued or undervalued, it is only fair to notify the reader that they are written days before the date of their publication. But it is also fair to inform the reader that in this case the difference in time is no difference, and that if written on the evening of November 2, the day before election, this article would not vary in its words or conclusions.

This is because the probable course of the campaign was indicated at the beginning and nothing has occurred to suggest the probability of any change in it. It is closing as it opened. The battlegrounds, at the close, remain what this series of articles has stated them to be. If COMMONWEAL readers will glance over the accounts already given of the strategic political lines they will do away with the need for a repetition; the lines remain the same, with the slight modifications which I will state.

If to some readers it seems surprising that the end of a campaign should show no essential variance from its beginning, let them be assured that this is the usual case. In the middle of October, Chairman Farley, in the course of a spiel of the customary campaign blather required of National Committee Chairmen, unexpectedly incorporated this bit of real wisdom:

"Campaigns are not won in their final weeks. My observation is that they are won about the time of the nomination."

This stone-hard truth attracted no attention except for a little ridicule of the penny-wise kind, the New York *Times*, for example, ironically asking where, then, is the necessity for chairmen at all, for money contributions, and for speeches and printed propaganda. Mr. Farley, however, though he said he was talking from "my observation," was in fact restating the verdict of history. He did not even go far enough. Campaigns are often won not "about the time of the nomination," but months or years before it. To take three proofs out of many, the election of Calvin Coolidge was won not at the time of his nomination in June but when he sent his message to Congress in the preceding December; that of Theodore Roosevelt was won not in 1904 but in 1902: the reelection of William McKinley was won not at his nomination in 1900 but at the end of the Spanish war in 1898. In 1832, the reelection of Andrew Jackson was so sure that the Convention did not even bother to renominate him; it met only to nominate his running mate.

As for why the sound and fury of the campaign, concerning which the *Times* is so loftily ironical, at bottom it is for the purpose of placing the two parties in what their respective leaders regard as the right strategic position for the fight beginning the day after election. That is at bottom; on the surface it is because the circus-loving populace won't be satisfied without it. As these articles stated before the nominations were made and afterward, the sagacious among the Republican leaders did not expect victory this year, but were (and still are) sure of Roosevelt's failure in his second administration and of a return in 1938 and 1940 to the normal political state of the country, which is Republican and has been ever since 1864. There is many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, and a fatuous campaign by them in 1936 would dish that prospect, so their energies were devoted to making one that would solidify their besieging position and put the besieged at every disadvantage; and they have successfully done it.

The Republican strategy, therefore, was and is to take full advantage of the obvious turn against the New Deal; to fortify every military point where the turn was strong, with a view to making the turn irresistible in 1938; and, above all, to avoid all the pitfalls which neglect of them would enlarge into yawning caverns. The first thing to do was to nominate a candidate as little known as possible, with therefore no enemies, yet with wit enough to seize on and rub in the sore points in the New Deal administration; and to take him from the Corn Belt. The East was regarded as pretty safe, the West as probably pro-Roosevelt, but the Corn Belt was sceptical of Roosevelt and nevertheless undecided. A succession of visits to Topeka convinced the sagacious that Landon answered all the requirements, including that of being able to seize on the weak points in the New Deal and yet not offend those voters who see some good things in it.

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The second thing to do was to avoid the hurdle. The hurdle was the built-up superstition that the Republican party is ruled by a permanent and sinister hobgoblin called "the Old Guard," and stealthily directing it, year after year, in an invariable direction directed from a center personified in the terrifying name, "Wall Street," and it is terrifying in the Corn Belt, where, as Jay House of Topeka once said, no farmer goes to bed without putting his wallet under his pillow for fear "Wall Street" should reach through the window in his sleep and steal it.

As these articles have stated, there is not and never was any "Old Guard"; the men who have run Republican conventions have been a different lot every four years, depending on nothing but which crowd could outplay the other crowds that year. The same, incidentally, is true of Democratic conventions. But the arts of publicity and propaganda had made this so-called "Old Guard" as much a real personality as is, for instance, the malevolent plotting Pope in the minds of Ku Kluxers, Know-nothings, the A. P. A. and their intellectual ancestor and descendants. No use arguing with it; strategy would side-step it and avoid "the appearance" of evil.

So the leaders, mostly but not altogether Easterners, abdicated leadership long before the convention, and turned over the party to a new and untried lot. It was not merely a gesture, either; they really have kept their hands off, clear down to the smallest local chairmen in city, town or county. The so-called "Young Republicans" were running everything, for good or bad. The result was the spectacle, at once comic and painful, which John Hamilton of Kansas has made of himself as National Chairman; combined with the blindman's-buff running around of the "Young Republican" National Committee. The inevitable result, after election, will be a prayer from the rank and file for old leaders to return, since, "Old Guard" or not, they do understand how to run a campaign.

Now for the few amendments needed in the statements I have hitherto made of the states which are not foregone and are therefore battlegrounds. Michigan assumed, in October, a greater importance as a battlefield than before. Both Landon and Roosevelt invaded it, and not in swoops but by prepared approaches through nearby states. The cause was the revelation in the September Republican primary, in which Democrats also voted, but in which both together could give Couzens 192,000 votes and yet leave him a loser by 123,000 majority. Michigan is not unalloyed Corn Belt; she is part agricultural and part industrial, unlike all-farming Kansas.

Pennsylvania, which I earlier put down as "ugly" toward Republicanism but with the ugliness rapidly modifying, is more debatable than then seemed likely. This is because the western part of it is now definitely aligned against the eastern, or, to indulge the human weakness for personification of abstractions, it is Pittsburgh against Philadelphia. Allegheny County is still irreconcilably pro-Roosevelt; but we have Arthur Krock's word for it that the hope of overcoming the eastern Republican majority rests on the Roosevelt majority rising to 100,000 over that of 1932, which would be a big rise. Krock is the ablest and keenest of the state-touring correspondents and, being a Southern Democrat, cannot be suspected of prejudicial fondness for Republicanism. With these two exceptions, no material increase or decrease is needed in the estimates I have heretofore given. As to Pennsylvania, it is unquestionably to keep down the possible rise in the Allegheny County majority for Roosevelt that Al Smith has been induced to do something almost unprecedented for him—step aside from his limited program of speeches and make one in Pittsburgh. That he does not make his expected speech in New England, where he is strongest, is doubtless because that section is, in Mr. Farley's abundant metaphor, already "in the bag."

Mr. Roosevelt is as aware as anybody of the probable slump in both his popular and his electoral vote. It seems to have escaped notice that in making his stumping tour among the danger spots he is doing what no other President ever did, except Hoover in 1932. Hoover was impelled to this precedent-breaking by the extreme likelihood that, if he didn't, he would not carry any states at all; it was a desperate emergency. Roosevelt now does the same thing. Until Hoover's dire case every President remained in cloistered seclusion in the White House throughout his reelection campaign—even the battle-loving Theodore Roosevelt, to whom silence must have been a severe trial. The present Roosevelt, when the campaign began, announced that he too would stay cloistered, except for four or five specified addresses which he couldn't escape; and he gave, as an additional reason in his own case, that it was a patriotic duty to stay in Washington with the foreign situation in such a broil as it is. It is in even more of a broil now, but the danger of losing more states than he had reckoned on has forced him into as hot a stumping tour as Landon.

That extremely sensible and not too well rewarded counselor and supporter of Mr. Roosevelt, General Johnson, taking his election as assured, warns him that he must do something foreign to his nature—lay aside his vindictiveness, learn to forgive, consolidate his gains instead of dissipating them as he has done. The extreme restiveness of the South in Congress is enough to show that, if he disregards this advice, his second term will be as disastrous to him as was Cleveland's; and it was the Southern Democrats in Congress who made most of Cleveland's trouble.

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"UNSPOILED VERMONT"

By BRYAN DEGNAN

MR. STARK sat down by his tent and looked at the evening sky. It was bright and vibrant with the crimson of a sun just gone down still coloring the scarce clouds. Then he looked at the green hills, and beyond to the mountains, which were now a kind of purple in the twilight. A beautiful land, he thought, and grew sad.

For he thought of many other things: his six children living there with him and his wife in a tent, near the little town where for a lifetime they had rounded out their lives. And he thought of the strike now "settled," and what it had meant to him. Not that his lot was so much worse than the others. They were in the same fix, even with their homes. It would be impossible for them to pay all the back rent within a year. He tried to figure out why he should be living in a tent. All his life, for fifty years, he had lived in this little town. The last ten he had spent working in the quarries of the company. And he had worked hard.

But when the men struck he had struck with them. God knows, he thought, there was a just cause for it: $13.30 a week for him and his family, to say nothing of the rent, light and water charges that had to be deducted. It was too much, that's all, too much.

It had been hard to clothe the children for school. Even with the good wife he had. And yet they had stuck it out through that tough winter, when the strike was at its worst. He was fortunate then, of course. He had enough to eat, thanks to the kindness of the unions and the suspicious generosity of the "Reds," and he could live for a while in the company house, even though in the ten years he had worked for them he hadn't been able to buy one of his own, or even start buying one. Last winter was bad, with all the anxiety and strife which seemed to come so easily after the deputies had arrived.

Yes, last winter was bad. But there was at least the security of a shelter. Now he and his family had none. Of course there was much to be thankful for. The eviction had come in summer, when the days were good and warm, and the nights not too cold. But frost was in the air. And the tent was crowded now that the nights were getting cooler, and the youngsters felt the need of a tent. All summer the open air had been good enough, and they could spend their days catching trout and swimming. But there would be no more of that now.

As the darkness came over the sky, and the moon, now almost full, came out for the night, Mr. Stark took his pipe out of his pocket. He had no tobacco but somehow the company of the thing helped him. In the moonlight the familiar outlines of the same old hills stood out to him. It was a beautiful country, a wonderful earth; "unspoiled Vermont" he had heard it called. Too good an earth, he thought, to be using WPA money to live on it. If only he had a farm, no matter how poor, well, it would be a shelter. As it was, he had nothing. Nothing but a tough winter ahead. There was little to do. He had applied to the selectmen for some kind of a shelter in the town, but he had been told that there was no room at present. And he was pretty sure that there would be no room in the future. The little houses of the town were crowded now. It didn't seem to do much good, sitting there thinking of the future, and yet it came continually to his mind. There were going to be mouths to feed and bodies to clothe in the cold weather. And there would probably be no room for them in the Inn.

Mr. Stark thought of the glistening black cars that went off into a singing silence through the valley all day long. Cars from the big cities, and cars from his own Vermont. Somebody must be making money. Some children must be eating, living and sleeping well. And he was glad they were. But he felt sorry for his own.

Well, he must go to bed, he thought, as he knocked the bowl of his pipe unthinkingly against the palm of his hand, emptying it. He laughed at the gesture. His wife had put all the children in the tent for the night. It was going to be cold. Suddenly he decided that it might be better for him to sleep outdoors. He thrust his pipe in his pocket and smiled joyfully and became determined that he'd sleep out, hoping at the same time that the frost wouldn't pay an early visit. There was some joy, he thought, in the fact that he could still think of others, even in this small way. That's more than the big bosses seemed able to do. Of course, they had to think mostly of money. That was what they were paid for, the poor fellows. And he smiled a happy smile in the darkness, not a bitter smile, but a thankful, really a humble one. Then he turned toward the tent to see that all was well. He'd better stop thinking, he told himself, or he'd be waking his family up with a roar of laughter, rather than let them sleep beneath his smile.

Autumn Rain

At first I could not tell
If it were rain that fell
In the night or the rainy sound
Of the dead leaves on the ground.
Scurrying feet on the roof—
But if silver or gold no proof
Was given . . . until I heard
The drip from the eaves. Earth stirred
In its sleep with its sleepers then,
And high in the night again
I heard the wild geese cry
And turned and wondered why
Wars come and men must kill
Each other, adding skill
But making less in change
Than seasons through their range
From hot to cold—than geese
From north to south . . . in peace.
(O crosses, row on row,
Where rain like this may flow
In an alien land!) The guns
Face what potential foe?
Sweethearts, brothers, and sons . . .
And the rain falls, cold and slow.

GLENN WARD DRESBACH.

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Seven Days' Survey

The Church.—Bishop Byrne of Galveston celebrated the Pontifical Mass which opened the sixteenth annual convention of the National Council of Catholic Women at Galveston, Texas, October 18; Archbishop Rummel of New Orleans delivered the sermon. At later sessions Bishop Noll of Fort Wayne ascribed all the evils which the organization had fought during the last five years to irreligion and atheism, Bishop O'Hara of Great Falls said that the spread of Christian doctrine and determined opposition to the forces of social injustice were a nation-wide challenge to the federation, and Archbishop Cicognani, the Apostolic Delegate, called for a crusade of prayer "for the sake of a distressed and troubled world." * * * Mrs. W. K. Morrison of St. Louis is traveling halfway around the world to see her son ordained at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, India, November 21. * * * Don Alfonso Carlos of Bourbon, brother of the Spanish pretender, who died in Vienna last month, was a friend of the Austrian workingman and had much to do with the foundation of the Anti-Duel League in Germany and Austria. * * * English-speaking Catholics of Suva, capital of the Fiji Islands, have begun publication of the *Sacred Heart Cathedral Gazette.* The native language periodical, *A Talanoa,* is published by the Marists. * * * The Mexican National Chamber of Commerce has asked President Cárdenas to withdraw the Expropriation Bill which has already been approved by the Chamber of Deputies in caucus, "since it places all private property in a state of absolute insecurity, whether it be immovable, commercial, industrial or of other nature." Archbishop Ruiz y Flores recently commended the work of the True Catholic Association in making known to Mexicans the real menace of Communism in Mexico and said, "In times like these the Christian should add to prayer peaceful action and passive resistance against which the Julian apostates of our time will battle in vain." * * * Before the seventy-second convocation of the University of the State of New York, Dr. James J. Walsh declared that more than half of the signers of the Declaration of Independence and nearly half of the authors of the Constitution were products of an education based on "old scholastic philosophy."

The Nation.—Landon and Roosevelt were trekking into new territory, the former to the West and Los Angeles and the latter to New England, considered enemy territory in both cases. No new issues were brought before the electorate. The Republicans were declaring with increasing vigor and unanimity that "if we are to preserve our American form of government this administration must be defeated." Roosevelt emphasized, in Detroit, planning for higher wages and, in Cleveland, the lack of antagonism between the New Deal and business. * * * The offer of the executive council of the A. F. of L. to negotiate with members of the C.I.O., looking to their reinstatement in the federation met small response from John L. Lewis, leader of the suspended unionists. He called a meeting of the C.I.O. for November 9, a date which would permit small discussion before the A. F. of L. executive meeting. There were indications that this lack of enthusiasm was antagonizing David Dubinsky and Max Zaritsky, powerful adherents of the C.I.O., and that a split between them and Mr. Lewis and Mr. Sydney Hillman is possible, thus strengthening the A. F. of L. executive council at the expense of the proponents of industrial unionism. * * * The S.E.C. was strengthened by the Justices of the Supreme Court when they refused to review a suit to test the constitutionality of the Securities Act of 1933. Benefiting the New Deal, the Court also declined to hear an attack against government loans and grants to publicly owned hydroelectric plants, and refused to allow a Boston lawyer to attack the Social Security Act. * * * Following the Reverend Gerald L. K. Smith's moves to found a "nationalistic" movement in the United States, the Townsendites and the Lemkeites repudiated any association with that heir of Huey Long, who, together with Dr. Townsend and Father Coughlin, formed the original big three who backed the Union party.

The Wide World.—The King of Belgium formally announced that his country would revert to a policy of neutrality "directed resolutely toward withdrawing our nation from the quarrels of our neighbors." He explained that a system of alliances was in fact replacing the "collective security" sponsored by the League of Nations, and that Belgium would not be drawn into quarrels growing out of such alliances. A preparedness program designed to assure defense of the national independence was outlined. The news has important repercussions in France, Great Britain and Germany, where statesmen discussed the situation without arriving at clear impressions of how the King's address would affect negotiations under way to promote a new "Locarno front." * * * General Franco's troops completed a horseshoe-like alignment round about Madrid, advances being most pronounced at both tips where the terrain is relatively flat. The sole remaining railroad line to the coast was blocked. Heavy fighting round about El Escorial and Navalcarnero indicated that the major natural defenses of the government were seriously endangered. From newspaper dispatches it was evident that the Insurgents had gained impressive superiority in the air. On October 19, official dispatches stated that President Azaña and several members of his government had gone to Barcelona in order "to fortify the morale of the Iberian peoples." Indications were that this presaged abandonment of Madrid by the government forces. * * * Russia continued to support the Azaña government, and in England Laborites insisted that they would force a debate of the non-intervention pact. But the only definite result of international discussions was a manifest tendency

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on the part of Italians to seek a greater measure of co-operation with Germany. On October 19, Count Galeazzo Ciano, Mussolini's son-in-law, departed for Berlin and Berchtesgaden on a mission described as one calculated to end in friendship with Hitler. Unrest in Italy has obviously increased, if one may judge from the fact that censorship is at present more stringent. American journals going into the country are even more strikingly mutilated than they were a year ago. * * * Relations between France and Germany did not improve. Following Leftist attacks on Hitler, Herr Rosenberg was sent to the frontier in order to make an attack on Thorez, Communist leader. At the same time, according to Paris dispatches, a regiment of German troops was marching into the Palatinate—another violation of the Locarno Treaties. But on behalf of royalist groups, Charles Maurras declared in l'Action Française journals that while Russia was a menace, Germany was a still greater one. M. Blum, speaking at a Radical Socialist congress, pointed out that the "Popular Front" coalition was the only possible one now, and that if it were broken up as a result of new elections, only a virtual dictatorship would be feasible. * * * In the greatest demonstration Austria has witnessed since the war, Chancellor Kurt Schuschnigg greeted the new national militia and hinted that a plebiscite might be conducted to determine whether or not the Austrian people wished a restoration of the monarchy.

* * * *

Toward Better Rural Life.—The fourteenth annual convention of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference opened with pontifical high Mass at St. Mary's Cathedral, Fargo, N. D., October 11. In his sermon Bishop Noll of Fort Wayne declared, "Even after science and government will have done much for the farmer his fate will still be largely in the hands of Divine Providence, on Whose blessing he depends for the harvest he hopes to reap. . . . Catholics in the city enjoy one great benefit over those in the country, namely, closer proximity to a church and a parochial school." Meetings were held for four days at the North Dakota Agricultural College. Bishop Muench of Fargo welcomed the delegates and said, "The greatest problem facing the country today from an economic point of view is to achieve a proper balance between industry and agriculture"; he later addressed them on the benefits of rural credit unions. A number of speakers advocated cooperatives as a solution for many economic ills, especially when they had local direction and management. In other addresses education toward supplanting farm tenancy by farm ownership was warmly advocated. Father Edgar Schmiedeler, O.S.B., director of the N.C.W.C. Rural Life Bureau, called attention to the plight of the agricultural laborer, tenant farmer and share-cropper and spoke of organization, publicity and government action as possible remedies. He said that "the great mass of American people . . . do not know under what conditions these workers exist" or they would bring "some organized pressure to bear toward remedying them." One of the resolutions adopted stated, "Religion is the necessary groundwork of true American culture." Others commended the heroism of drought-stricken farmers and the efforts of agricultural workers to better their condition by organizing. The family-sized farm was favored in opposition to "large-scale capitalistic and industrial agriculture." The formation of rural units of the National Confraternity of Christian Doctrine "for the sake of religiously underprivileged children" was urged together with rural study clubs for adults and 4-H clubs for youth. Attendance and registration at the conference reached 5,000.

Opinion in France.—As we go to press measures have been announced that will nationalize the war-plane industry and all eyes are turned toward Biarritz, where the meeting of the Radical Socialist party, opening October 22, is considering whether or not to continue its support of the Blum government. A recent issue of *Sept,* a Dominican weekly, which has as one of its chief aims "a free and Christian France," includes a variety of opinions on the present situation. The charge that devaluation was caused by the New Deal social laws enacted last spring is categorically denied and it is pointed out that the forty-hour week has not yet been put into effect. The Communist formula, "The rich must pay," recently advocated by *L'Humanité,* is characterized as a catchword which "can in no way constitute an economic solution." The danger of protecting Communist meetings by police and forbidding meetings of the Rightist Social party, a group with which *Sept* has little sympathy, is attacked as a menace to democratic government. It is held that the devaluation policy will be successful if the government takes stringent measures against raising prices, lowers tariff barriers, and takes steps to prevent inflation, provided that confidence is restored. It is asserted that French Communists are under orders to support Blum until a strong Reynaud-Chautemps Radical Socialist government is propitious. *Sept* is concerned lest Communist support of a deflation policy to which Moscow was opposed was purchased by a Franco-Russian military agreement and believes generally that the chief aim of the Soviet foreign policy as regards France is to prevent a Franco-German rapprochement. They quote the *Nouvelliste de Bretagne,* "In several months when the opposing campaigns led by Moscow and Berlin will have brought on the storm that well-informed men fear it will be too late . . . France, lightning rod of Russia, will be prepared to receive the bolt." Another writer says that economic pressure by 1937 will lead Nazi leaders to seek foreign adventures to divert the discontent of the German populace. Finally Daniel-Rops points out that millions of Frenchmen are peasants, who despite their disappointment with the Blum government's results and their prospects for a hard winter are a peaceable element making for great stability. Despite their faults they have "a comforting way of refusing to be dragged into adventures."

His Master's Voice.—On the blustery evening of October 17, Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg was scheduled to follow 10,000 radio effusions on the subject of football with a broadcast entitled "A Fireside Mystery Chat."

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But just a few minutes before the talk was to begin, Mr. H. Leslie Atlas, a vice-president of the Columbia network, discovered to his horror that Senator Vandenberg was an inventive genius. Had he not thought out a scheme whereby a record was to rattle off a bit of some Rooseveltian address, subsequent to which the audience could be reminded that their President frequently changed his mind? Now apparently an old Columbia rule forbade the kind of program known as "transcription" in whole as well as in part. Besides President Roosevelt had been known to frown upon such reproductions of his utterances. Therefore Mr. Atlas took the world upon his shoulders. Part of it slipped off, and one Chicago station got the complete show, records included. But on the whole the vice-president succeeded in banishing or curtailing the senator's remarks. An interesting commentary ensued. To what extent are radio officials permitted to act as censors? Or was there intimidation by Dr. Farley. The F.C.C. called signals, went into a huddle, and decided it could not make a first down. It itself was convinced that it possessed no authority to censor anything. At all events Columbia issued at a few minutes before 9 p. m. the following impressive statement: "Because of our policy of allowing no electrically transcribed programs or portions of programs on the air we have been unable to complete the broadcast of the address by Senator Arthur A. Vandenberg from Chicago. Instead we have presented a brief piano recital." Probably never before has music produced such a lack of harmony. Even the officers of Columbia were in obvious disagreement, one insisting that Senator Vandenberg was not a presidential candidate anyhow—indicating a singular inability to look into the future. As for Republicans, they guaranteed an extra dividend by Western Union.

German Protestantism.—The first effort to tell the story of German Lutheran resistance to National-Socialism is Professor Fritz Lieb's extraordinarily fascinating book, "Christ und Antichrist in Dritten Reich." The author, formerly a professor in the University of Bonn and now teaching in Basel, has collected documents and details which put together constitute an absorbing picture of Christian heroism which the Catholic readers will view with sympathy and a greater awareness of the mystery of grace. It is extraordinarily interesting to note that most of the pastors who braved the terrors of jail and poverty were quite willing to be National-Socialists—that is, ultra-patriots, under certain conditions. They simply could not assent to the suppression of the freedom of the Christian faith. Openly, frankly and uncompromisingly they made known their opposition to the Hitlerite religion by every means at their disposal. How many of them suffered a measure of martyrdom is not known. But Professor Lieb's array of cases reveals some of the truth and shows what methods were in the main employed by the government. A favorite device was of course to accuse these men—these zealous patriots whose only fault was possibly their too ardent conservatism—of complicity with Communists. There are few more affecting books than this, and we hope it will be translated.

Non-Catholic Religious Activities.—At the international convention of the Disciples of Christ at Kansas City, Missouri, a session of 1,500 delegates voted to withdraw their representatives from the chaplaincy commission of the Federal Council of Churches. Over 90 percent voted, "We will not support future wars nor will we permit our churches agencies to be used directly or indirectly for such purposes." * * * Gideon Bibles in United States hotel rooms are now said to number 1,300,000. * * * In the course of a four-day session in St. Louis, Mo., the 16 visiting religious leaders of the National Preaching Mission addressed 120 audiences of 85,000 people in all. It was announced that a sermon of Dr. George W. Truett, president of the Baptist World Alliance, had saved the life of a man who had been preparing to commit suicide. * * * Some forty leaders of various organized groups in Harlem, New York City, are meeting monthly to study consumer cooperation under the sponsorship of the Department of Race Relations of the Federal Council of Churches. Several Negro groups are already operating cooperative apartment-houses and one group is buying milk cooperatively. The Department of Race Relations is also at work in cotton-growing communities in the South. An experimental settlement for Negro tenant farmers was recently inaugurated in Arkansas. To promote interracial good-will the department is preparing plays, pageants and other material for use in churches and other religious groups. * * * The News Bulletin of the National Lutheran Educational Conference reports news items concerning thirteen United Lutheran Colleges and twelve colleges of the American Lutheran Conference. Enrolment in the liberal arts division of these colleges, a large number of which are in the Middle West, has risen from 9,044 to 9,212 students during the past year.

John Barleycorn in Disgrace.—Persons obtaining tickets for the Princeton-Navy game received free of charge a letter from President Harold M. Dodds, which read in part as follows: "Indulgence in alcoholic beverages at football games has assumed proportions which seriously menace the future of the sport as well as an intercollegiate activity. On behalf of the friendly rivals of the day who strive to maintain high standards of sportsmanship on the field, and in the interest of the vast majority of spectators to whom such drinking is an offense, Princeton University requests that all persons refrain from the use of alcoholic liquors while attending athletic contests under its auspices." The letter was followed by an agitated nodding of heads by "the vast majority." President Dodds has long been interested in this subject; and the consensus of opinion was that he had spoken wisely and to the point. Hitherto the principal function of the alumni at various football functions has been to demonstrate the horrors of thirst. Bleachers could be likened to the Sahara; and each member of the class of '09 was an oasis. There were no barriers of race, color or creed here. Indeed we have seen the foundations of various Catholic stadia so spattered with a certain kind of glass that insurance for the fingers of caretakers during the ensuing week would have meant too great a risk. Princeton will not try to

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enforce a ban. You can take your flask if you like—but you probably won't.

Surgeons' Conclave.—The American College of Surgeons held its twenty-sixth annual clinical congress in Philadelphia last week. Experts and innovators performed remarkable operations in hospitals throughout the city for the instruction of their colleagues, and reports and lectures were read at numerous meetings. Speakers warned of "the exercise of the powers of the politicians which not infrequently curtails hospital service to the patient and retards the advancement of medical science in some communities." They called for a campaign to raise money for voluntary hospitals and spoke hopefully of various hospital service plans (the $.03 a day plan, etc.), although admitting that they are still in the experimental stage. "The average stay of a patient in a hospital is now eleven to twelve days as compared with twice that figure at the beginning of the century, and the death rate of former years, which was 7 to 10 percent on the average, has been cut to 3 or 4 percent in thoroughly controlled and well-standardized hospitals." The college is conducting a particularly vigorous campaign against deaths in maternity cases. The hospitals which have followed the college's eight chief requirements for maternity cases have reduced their death rates in about five years from 6.5 to 5 percent. Surgeons claimed that the chief reason this figure is still entirely too high is that surgery is too often resorted to and performed by doctors who are not properly trained in the specialty. A plea was made that surgeons as well as physicians pay more attention to the human element of their cases: "If the patient is regarded merely as an aggregation of tissues and organs, each of which is expected to respond to outside agents, whether physical, chemical or biological, with almost mathematical precision, it will be seldom that the greatest benefit is achieved. If, on the other hand, the patient is looked upon as a human being with an infinite variety of psychic and emotional reactions, and if these reactions are always taken into consideration and, whenever possible, molded into forms that are pleasant, then the nature of his disability will be more clearly understood, and in many instances his recovery will be facilitated."

Why Study?—Dr. Albert Einstein, speaking as "a partial layman in the realm of pedagogy," gave his ideas to a convocation of the University of New York State on why students should study: "Desire for approval and recognition is a healthy motive, but the desire to be acknowledged as better or more intelligent than a fellow scholar easily leads to an excessively egoistic psychological adjustment which may become injurious for the individual and for the community. Therefore the school and the teacher must guard against employing the easy method of creating individual ambition in order to induce the pupils to do diligent work. Darwin's theory of the struggle for existence and the selectivity connected with it has been cited by many people as authorization for the encouragement of the spirit of competition. In this manner some people have also tried to prove, pseudo-scientifically, the necessity of the destructive economic struggle of competition between individuals. But this is wrong, because man owes his strength in the struggle for existence to the fact that he is a socially living animal. . . . The most important motive for work in school and in life is the pleasure in work, pleasure in its result and the knowledge of the value of the result to the community. In the awakening and strengthening of these psychological forces in the young man I see the most important task for the school. I want to oppose the idea that the school has to teach directly that special knowledge and those accomplishments which one has to use later directly in life. The development of general ability for independent thinking and judgment should always be placed foremost, not the acquisition of special knowledge. The school should always have as its aim that the young man leave it as a harmonious personality, not as a specialist."

* * * *

Milk.—As big a problem as any in the New York State campaign is milk. Upstate farmers want milk to be dear: the city wants it cheap. Years ago farmers realized that by marketing their product according to strict competition they were losing money, and so they formed the Dairymen's League as a cooperative effort to get them a fairer return. Independent producers continued to undermine the prices, however, and farmers began to reduce their output, thus jeopardizing New York City's milk supply. Pressure and propaganda were exerted and production went up beyond any demand for fluid milk. The state formed a Milk Control Board in 1933 to insure cheap, standard milk for the consumers and an adequate return for the farmers. A classification system was put in operation, theoretically grading milk into nine classifications according to quality and to the use it would be put to, and establishing prices per grade. In practise the classification came to depend on demand. Farmers turned in their milk to the creameries, generally controlled by the league, and the creameries sold it to distributors or processors as they could. Then at the end of the month the farmer was paid, so much of his milk assigned retrospectively by the creamery to each class, trying in this way to give each farmer justice. Now the dairy farmers are discontented and threatening another milk strike. Some want the Control Board eliminated and a return to pure competititon; some want a flat price for their milk, without classification subtleties. The Democrats, under Governor Lehman, support the Control Board idea, but claim the farmers must themselves bring into the Assembly a milk measure by April, 1937, when the present Control Act expires. The Republican candidate, William F. Bleakley, protests that he has no solution of his own, but claims that unlike his opponent he is capable of giving suggestions the best and most impartial examination. The problem meets the public in the terrific spread between what the farmer gets (about $.066 per quart of drinking quality) and what the New York City consumer pays ($.16 per quart, Grade A; $.13, Grade B). Both parties in New York frankly admit they have no solution.

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The Play and Screen

Tovarich

"TOVARICH" is almost an anomaly in the modern theatre—a truly gay play. Moreover, its gaiety is the gaiety of goodness, the gaiety of a perfectly wedded couple. And as an answer to those who say that fineness no longer appeals to the public, "Tovarich" is the first smash hit of the theatrical season. It tells the story of a Russian Grand Duchess and her husband, Prince Mikail, who take a position as butler and maid in the house of a rich Parisian banker despite the fact that they have in the Bank of France 4,000,000,000 francs given the Prince by the Czar to use for the good of Russia. They refuse to use this for themselves or to give it to finance a White Russian rebellion, which they know will fail; but finally they give it to the Soviet government so that the oil fields of Russia will not be sold to a foreign syndicate. They do this despite the fact that the Commissar, who asks them to do it, had formerly been their jailor and had tortured the Prince. They do it because they are first and foremost Russian patriots, no matter how much they may hate the Soviet government. This may be perhaps unreal, it may even be theatrical hokum, but as written by Jacques Duval it is extraordinarily moving. This is, however, the only serious moment of the play; the rest is the gayest and most delicious of comedy, played by two artists who are masters of comedy.

We have seen John Halliday often, but never before has he had the opportunity of showing what a consummate artist he is. His Prince Mikail is in personality and in action Prince Mikail to the life. I know no one today, not even Alfred Lunt, who could have given the part the flavor Mr. Halliday imparts to it. The Grand Duchess is an actress new to America. Marta Abba is Italian, and yet she is Russian to her finger-tips, and what expressive finger-tips they are! She dances through the action, a very wave of the sea, gay, spontaneous, intoxicating and good! She is the embodiment of the comic spirit. In her and Mr. Halliday we have high comedy as high comedy should be played. Another masterly performance is given by Cecil Humphries as the Commissar, while Jay Fassett makes the hit of his career as the French banker. Other admirable performances are given by Ernest Lawford, Irina Feodorova and Frederick Worlock. Both Robert E. Sherwood's adaptation of the Duval play, and Gilbert Miller's direction are sensitive and sure. (At the Plymouth Theatre.)

Daughters of Atreus

ROBERT TURNEY'S retelling of the story of the sacrifice of Iphegeneia, and of the murders of Klytemnaistra and of Agamemnon is very beautifully done and deserves a high place as a candidate for the Pulitzer and the Critics' prizes. Delos Chappell, moreover, has given it physically a magnificent production, the settings of Jo Mielziner and the costumes of James Reynolds being these artists at their best. That some of the acting might be improved, that it shows a mixture of styles, is true, and yet despite this the play remains something to be seen and remembered. The Klytemnaistra is Eleanora Mendelssohn, a German actress of distinction, who gives an admirable example of Germanic emotional acting, powerful but lacking perhaps in variety or surprise of mood. Maria Ouspenskaya is as always delightful, and gives of the nurse a most humanly realistic performance. Olive Deering is a charming Iphegeneia, and Harry Irvine as Kalchas shows once again his beautiful enunciation and style. Joanna Roos is sincere but a little too modern in spirit as Elektra. Of the others Eric Wollencott does well in the ungrateful part of Orestes. What the performance chiefly lacks is in imaginative direction and in the inability of some of the minor characters to read poetic lines. Musical voices and cultivated pronunciation are requisites of the classic drama, and too many of our younger actors are woefully lacking in either of these virtues. But all in all Mr. Turney's drama is one of the few distinguished offerings seen thus far this season. (At the Forty-fourth Street Theatre.)

GRENVILLE VERNON.

Ramona

HELEN HUNT JACKSON'S sad romance, staged in colorful old Southern California amid the complications brought to the lives of the native Indians, Mexicans and Spaniards by avaricious American settlers, was selected purposely to spread Hollywood's new all-color technique over soft greens of rolling mountain meadows, merging them, through lanes of golden-colored primitive Indian trails, into the dusty purples of mountain peaks that stand stoically under blue skies lined with thin white clouds. Such is the stuff "Ramona" is made of.

Here are stirringly depicted the early-California injustices inflicted by the incoming whites on the Indians, that drive the Red Men from their fertile fields and forests and bring tragic destruction by a murderous death to the life of the Indian Alessandro and to his love for the wifely Ramona whom he worships, in domestic tranquillity. There are many shortcomings in story and dramatic values, but these are amply balanced by the artistry of scenic grandeur. Henry King's deft direction inspires noble performances by Loretta Young, as Ramona, and Don Ameche, her Alessandro, the while a music score of gentleness sympathizes in the backgrounds.

Daniel Boone

HARDLY creditable to the admirable attention given by Hollywood of late to films of early America pioneering through the wilderness is this effort to retell some highlights in the life of one of America's greatest frontiersmen. Concentration more on fact than fiction is inexcusable, the producers capturing but little of the spirit of the true Boone trail blazer who pressed the white frontier westward to the Kentucky wilds. Dramatic values are lost, although there is a stirring siege of the settlers' stockade and some excellent outdoor photography. It is more the melodramatic George O'Brien outdoor "thriller" than a historical document.

JAMES P. CUNNINGHAM.

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Communications

CATHOLIC YOUTH MOVEMENT

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: Leisure once was a beautiful word. In a busy world it meant freedom from work or rest; recreation or indulgence of some hobby. But in the last few years it has had a much grimmer connotation. Upsetting of old economic orders has completely reversed the ratio of work and leisure for millions of our population. These have plenty of leisure but very little useful work in which to engage their minds and hands. Social workers recognize this as one of our most pressing problems; second only to actual relief of want.

Particularly grave in its consequences is the problem of young people, many of whom have not had an opportunity to learn whether they were capable of useful toil. The old theory that anyone could find work somewhere if he really wanted it was discarded early in the depression by leaders who are in daily battle with unemployment. Young people today see adults in jobs which ten years ago would have been held by adolescents. If a boy or girl stops his education with high school or less, he is exceptionally fortunate if anything but idleness lies ahead. Without special training the situation is far from encouraging.

Conditions such as these have given impetus to the Catholic Youth Movement which is making rapid strides. The National Conference of Catholic Charities at its annual convention in Peoria, Illinois, last fall for the first time created a permanent section on youth activities as one of its four major divisions. More recently Cardinal Hayes has sponsored a new body to be called the Catholic Youth Association which will absorb and expand the activities of the Catholic Boys Clubs of the New York dioceses. Similar youth movements are under way in Chicago, San Francisco and many smaller places like Fort Wayne, Indiana.

Unlike many another philanthropic or welfare organization, this movement promises to be an association in the true sense of that term. There will be no high-pressured national headquarters with orders passing down through regional or district branches. Instead each unit will be self-contained and managed. But when one unit has had outstanding success with some particular idea or project, complete information about it will be available for all units. One of the New York City branches, for example, staged an amateur boxing carnival at which a tidy sum was raised for the purchase of clubhouse equipment, and the leaders are only too ready to help other Catholic Youth groups in planning such an event. Another unit staged an art exhibit of the paintings and drawings produced by its young member and the affair attracted wide attention.

The activities of the clubs are roughly divided into cultural and athletic. Spiritual welfare is checked through Communion breakfasts and individual interviews of the clergy. In New York City one priest devotes his entire time to visiting Youth groups.

There are no hard and fast age limits for membership although ages as a rule range between twelve and eighteen, in some instances members being twenty-one or twenty-two. Membership includes both boys and girls, separate cultural and athletic activities being arranged for each. Sewing and cooking are among the subjects which are taught girls.

Drawing, painting, clay modeling, leather work, singing, dramatic and various forms of handicraft are among the subjects taught. The objective is not a search for talent or even to further appreciation, but to give these young minds a new type of expression and vision. In cases where unusual talent is discovered, its possessor is, of course, directed to places where it can be developed. One young man who first learned of his vocal gifts through joining a singing class in a Catholic Youth group is now traveling in one of the Major Bowes units. Nearly every club has some form of gymnasium either within its own walls or available in the immediate neighborhood. Basketball, gym games and boxing are the more popular sports. A few units have their own swimming pools.

Adults may participate in the Youth Movement. There is a great need for leaders. If an adult has some hobby, photography and stamp collecting are examples, he will find a lot of fun sharing it with alert young minds. But even without a hobby there are many ways in which adults can help, such as taking charge of young people on trips to baseball games or picnics, or accompanying them to sport events whose backers have donated a block of seats.

Typical of the spirit behind the Catholic Youth Movement was a statement issued recently by Cardinal Hayes of New York. After directing attention to the decrease in the age level among criminals, and the mission of the Church in correcting these subversive conditions, His Eminence said:

"The intensive development of modern machinery has created leisure far more quickly than our educational system has been able to provide and educate for leisure. Unemployment has within its unholy entourage forced leisure. The increased use of the automobile, the more general attendance at motion pictures, have together with other conditions conduced toward a decrease in the proportionate number of active participants in joyful and healthy recreational pursuits. Unless a youth find a constructive outlet for his boundless energy and ebullient spirit there is the danger that his restless feet will tread paths leading to sin, immorality and crime."

FRANK W. MURPHY.

COMMUNISM AS A DECOY

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: In the latest issues of THE COMMONWEAL, editorials on Communism have appeared. The sanity of these editorials is reassuring and makes it impossible to repress a word of thanks. I am quite as anxious as any other priest in America to obey the Holy Father's call to combat Communism, but I fear that hysterical and extravagant statements emanating from some

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Catholic writers and speakers are discrediting the Church's position.

When Mr. Hearst seeks to build up a Red-scare as part of his anything-to-smear-Roosevelt campaign, it may be effective strategy; the Zinoviev telegram worked well against another pro-labor administration. But when Catholics support the charge of this publisher, who is an exponent of extreme nationalism and a powerful foe of organized labor, their tactics are at least unsound. Such Catholics offer the Hearst newspapers a splendid opportunity of identifying the Hearst brand of anti-Communism with the Church's anti-Communistic stand. And the opportunity is not neglected.

In this, I am not so much concerned with defending the Roosevelt administration. I am, however, very much concerned with a graver matter. In the attacks which we Catholics make upon Communism, are we going to play into the hands of those who raise the cry of Communism for political motives or as a pretext for opposing sound reforms and for crushing labor unions?

There are four groups in this country who use Communism as a decoy: (1) The representatives of that large and growing industry devoted to anti-union terrorism. It is an ugly picture which the La Follette investigation into labor espionage is revealing. The sale of guns, gas and gangsters to be used in keeping the workers "in their place" runs up into huge sums. (2) The fairly considerable number of industrialists, who will not allow their employees to enter independent unions. By such employers the charge of radicalism and Communism has been and will be made with increasing frequency against the more aggressive unions, which Mr. Lewis leads. (3) The ultra-patriotic societies, which can detect Communist influence in any step that might aid the cause of world peace. (4) Certain reactionary newspapers—notably the Hearst chain.

When we speak against Communism it is of the utmost importance that much of our time should be given to exposing the real motives of such propagandists and disassociating ourselves from them. By failing to perform this essential duty, we shall give aid and comfort to the forces of reaction and shall justly earn the contempt of labor and progressive groups.

One may be in complete agreement with the Holy Father's statement that Communism is the greatest menace in the world today without rushing to the conclusion that it is the greatest menace in America. Nor is it minimizing the danger to consider it with a sense of proportion and in relation to the dangerous policies which lie hidden behind much of this professedly anti-Communistic propaganda. Of course it is tempting and easy to launch into forthright denunciations of Communism; the speaker or writer who makes such diatribes part of his stock in trade is assured of a certain notoriety and the benign approval of the comfortable classes. But every Catholic who takes up the crusade against Communism must continually check up on himself to see whether he is working effectively against this undeniable evil or merely engaging in the popular American sport of Red-baiting.

Rev. Thomas F. Reilly.

PASSING THE BUCK

Ottawa, Ont.

TO the Editor: Mr. Donald Attwater, in his article "Passing the Buck" (Commonweal, October 2) refers to "processions of Our Lady accompanied by men triumphantly waving rifles and anti-Red militia whose uniform includes a badge of the Sacred Heart, churches used as arsenals by anti-Communist troops (all reported recently from Spain, the last by a well-known Italian Catholic). . . ."

A similar statement was made by Mr. Attwater in the *Universe* and it appeared that the "well-known Italian Catholic" was Madame Montessori, who had been reported in a secular newspaper to have made the statement quoted. Madame Montessori, however, later denied that she had ever said any such things and in the *Universe* of September 11 Mr. Attwater withdrew the statement. This naturally leads one to wonder whether the other occurrences "all reported recently from Spain" rest on any better foundation.

W. L. Scott.

Clarksville, Tex.

TO the Editor: You say in the headnote to Donald Attwater's recent article that "the news from Spain cannot be divided automatically into two parts." This is rather cryptic. If it means that the situation in Spain is not at the present divisible into only two sides, with one composite but clear-cut issue between them, I think it is lamentably wide of the truth. A life and death struggle is being waged in Spain between all that Catholics hold dear and savage enmity to these things, between Christian civilization and Communism in its most stark and brutal form. When Catholicity, humanity and decency have emerged sorely wounded but triumphant, when they have been saved in Spain, then there will be room for legitimate disagreement over the polity and means of reconstruction, political, social and religious. In the meantime there should be no paltering over or beclouding the present most vital issue, nothing said or done to confuse and weaken Catholic loyalty to the right.

Rev. George J. Reid.

FATHER HECKER'S CHAPEL

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor: As a friend of the artist who designed the windows depicting the life of Saint Isaac Jogues in the Church of the Sacred Heart, Lake George, New York, of which Father Moran speaks so appreciatively in the article "Father Hecker's Chapel," in The Commonweal of September 25, it has occurred to me that perhaps some of your readers might like to know the artist's name. He is James H. Hogan of 100 Wigmore Street, London, W.1. Mr. Hogan will be in New York this fall for a stay of several weeks, and may be reached through me at *News-Week* Magazine, Rockefeller Center, New York City.

E. Sinclair Hertell.

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Books

The Doctor

An American Doctor's Odyssey, by Dr. Victor Heiser. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $3.50.

SHOULD one be tempted to question the high altruism which has prompted Mr. John D. Rockefeller to engage in the prevention of sickness and death throughout the world, Dr. Victor Heiser's new book provides the answer. Even the sentiment, ascribed to Mr. Rockefeller, "Philanthropy must bear dividends," is but an idiom which one would expect of a banker. It does not dim the intelligent vigor, the patience, the thoroughness, the spirit of tolerance and cooperation, exercised by the highly trained personnel designated by him to achieve an end which every unbiased mind must applaud.

Dr. Heiser's experiences are grouped under two periods: first, his activities as the Chief Health Officer of the Philippines; secondly, as a representative of the Rockefeller Foundation in the Far and Near East.

Possessed of a singleness of purpose, which brooked no obstacle, yet graced with tact and elasticity of mind, which enabled him to accomplish one difficult task after another without leaving rancor in its wake, he soon assumed the position of international consultant to rulers and to governments. Dr. Heiser's experience confirms the impression that the human race is really not so very keen about the prevention and the cure of disease, when this implies loss of money, inconvenience or an altered mode of life. All variety of pressure becomes necessary to induce legislatures to vote apppriations for purposes which one would think carried their own appeal. A keen and subtle sense of humor pervades these pages which bristle with administrative authority and modern medical findings. When the end in view justifies casting dignity to the wind, the doctor never hesitates.

Describing his experience in transporting twenty-six babies across the Pacific, he says finally: "I, a bachelor, was left alone on deck with twenty-six babies. . . . At last a sailor hove in sight. Filipino men were as good nursery maids as any woman. I hailed him. . . . When my sense of honor drove me back to the nautical nursery, the sailor was seated flat on the deck, a baby on his right arm, a baby on his left arm, a baby under his right knee, a baby under his left knee, a baby hanging onto his right ear, a baby hanging onto his left ear. He had filled a beer bottle with milk. Whichever child howled the loudest would find the neck thrust into its mouth." The final disposition of these babies forms the end of an amusing anecdote (page 243).

Again (page 403), describing his embarrassment at a Japanese party, where all attended without shoes, he says: "Not until I reached the reception room did I suddenly realize that one of my toes was peeping shyly forth. . . . I imagined I could see dotted lines from the guests' eyes focused upon me, and then I noted with unbounded horror that there had been a hernia of the big toe and that it had popped through the sock. Tightly constricted as it was, it had become as fiery red as the tail light of an automobile."

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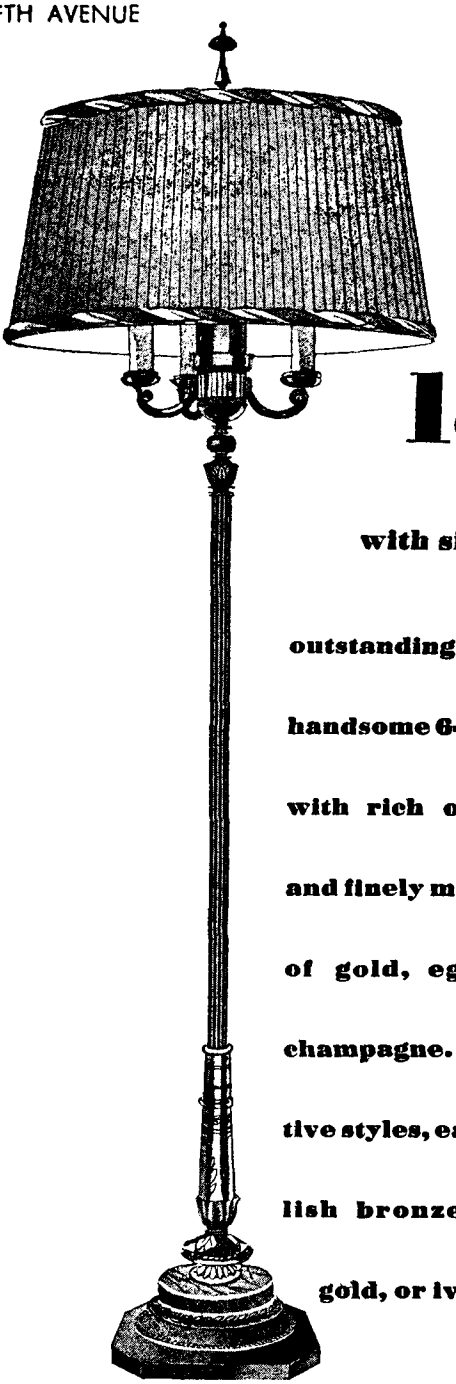

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Next Week

Charles Willis Thompson, famous assimilator of American political history, will have his semi-final analysis of THE CAMPAIGN next week. Mr. Thompson always seems to know how Americans are voting, and his sophisticated judgments of why they are voting that way fill out brilliant chapters of American historical reporting. . . . DANIEL CORKERY, by Sean O'Faolain, is a powerful arraignment of a writer who consciously set himself to "write stories that will be 'conscionable to the nation.'" Impressing the relationship of truth and art, Sean O'Faolain examines an Irish problem of exclusivism, for which "the essential test of literature is a political, racial or religious test." Clearly enlightening Irish questions, the article is also a parable of direct import here and in any country. It is of the best and creative school of criticism. . . . THE SLIDE RULE AND THE SOUL, by Clement J. Freund, notes how dramatically before our eyes is the work of the engineer, and yet how little we know the engineer himself. One reason given is that engineers in the past have been so immersed in quantitative thinking that they secluded themselves from human things. Now the engineering profession is acting to increase the human and qualitative planning and thinking among themselves. The Committee on Engineering Schools of the Council on Professional Recognition, Student Selection and Guidance, Professional Training, and Engineering Schools is taking an active hand in broadening the horizon of engineers until it includes "the soul of man." And the author hopes the profession recognizes the soul for what it is. . . . SUCCESSFUL YOUTH, by E. J. Ross, describes just what is the famous Jociste movement of Belgium and France, and also what the Grail movement among the women of Holland and England is accomplishing. Those are no "anti" campaigns, but positive programs of living Christianty, operating in environments probably more difficult than our own.

There is another, a more serious angle, to Dr. Heiser's work, and this is found in his excellent description and treatment of oriental diseases. He gives a vivid, first-hand picture of beriberi, cholera, leprosy, malaria, hookworm and other maladies, which it would be difficult to equal. His book should be on every mission library shelf.

Dr. Heiser presents the problem of disease in the light in which it might well be viewed by the mission community, and by the Church. There has been entirely too much enthusiasm wasted upon pills for pains, upon the symptomatic treatment of disease, while the incidence of epidemic scourges, their foci, their eradication, their prevention by segregation and immunization, is neglected.

It has been said that a man who sees both sides of a question, with equal clearness, never gets anywhere. Dr. Heiser sees one side, very vividly. He sees disease, he understands what is known about it, and how to deal with it. With a singleness of purpose, he is very intent in his pursuit. It is well to bear this in mind in Dr. Heiser's treatment of the "other side," presumably the wrong side. To him, religion and politics are tied up together. And having apparently had limited time, and little inclination to investigate religious phenomena, he looks upon such practises as nonsense, or is mildly tolerant.

A perusal of Carrel's book, "Man, the Unknown," read in conjunction with this work will serve to distribute the evidence more evenly.

Dr. Heiser's book recounts some of his adventures. There must be many more. With his skill as an author he could well develop these into an interesting novel.

PALUEL J. FLAGG.

Trailing Clouds of Glory

Benediction, by Claude Silve; translated by Robert Norton. Foreword by Edith Wharton. New York: D. Appleton-Century Company. $2.50.

"BENEDICTION" was awarded the Prix Femina in France in 1935, and is a beautifully written novel. Robert Norton deserves much credit for a perfect translation, having entered into the spirit which imbued the author. Claude Silve is the pen-name of the Comtesse de La Forest-Divonne, a graduate of the convent of St. Maur de Monaco, and a member of an aristocratic old French Catholic family. "Benediction" includes many lives within its pages, charming lives of a Monseigneur, three old ladies of aristocratic, governess and housekeeper perspective, a rather commendable butler, a finely bred boy and girl.

Eusebe and Anna are two strange little beings who seem to form the link between the dull world of grown-ups and the imaginary land that envelops them. Indeed the author seems to be most at home in the trailing clouds of glory with which these young people surround themselves. The line between fact and dream is lost sight of. In the opening chapter of the book we find the little brother and sister reading: "Then, as long as daylight lasted, brother and sister read together, their heads almost touching, each pointing to special passages, each seeking on the other's face the continuation of the story."

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The old house of Dampard has a rare charm: "At both ends of the main building small hidden staircases led up to other rooms, ghost staircases for immaterial visitors. The quiet unassuming apartments had recesses in which some reliquary frames softly glimmered in the half-light. They were of ebony, the patient work of Carmelite nuns, and set off fragments of saintly bones on gold pleats under thick convex glass; and the gold turned the empty recess into a small chapel by contribution of its own modest light. . . ."

Among the most personable, wonderful, mystical, eccentric personalities in the book is Maria Mancilia, whose lute and package of queer presents helped to while away the last days of "Benediction." She came in company with Horace, an aristocratic son of the household, and fled mysteriously. She loved the little brother and sister. She seemed to be ready to adventure into love, but her real cause for being seemed to have been closely interwoven with the old rugs, the older ornaments, the ghost staircases, the nuances of the imagination, the thousand and one strangenesses that made Dampard possible.

Mrs. Edith Wharton has supplied a very compelling Foreword to the story. She undoubtedly knows her France and its traditions and gives vivid perspectives of other days and their possible bearing on "Benediction."

EDWARD J. BREEN.

A Saintly Maid

Catherine Tekakwitha, by Daniel Sargent. New York: Longmans, Green and Company. $2.00.

THIS latest book by the president of the Catholic Poetry Society of America is not only important as a biography of Tekakwitha but even more valuable for the light it throws on early American history. The few sources of material on the life of the Indian girl whose cause has been postulated in Rome, are not biographically rich. Nevertheless Mr. Sargent has thoroughly exhausted the best and deftly embodied it in most pleasing form. He has, however, done very much more. He has caught two long-range perspectives, as it were, through his success in putting himself figuratively at two points in time: the first, which makes possible the scrutiny of Tekakwitha through her ancestors; the second, the scrutiny of the Indians through Tekakwitha. For his thesis is that Catherine was the climax of an historical racial drama enacted in terms of the spiritual. "This is the story of one clearly a Christian—Catherine—and unmistakably an Indian—Tekakwitha."

Mr. Sargent, then, originally embarks on analyses whose profundity is not lost, but accentuated, through the sureness and simplicity of his development and style. Both the latter illustrate the meticulousness of the scholar. His analyses are startlingly original and convincingly cogent. All the subtle, as well as the more superficial, differences between the two great tribes of the Iroquois and Algonquins, whose warfares so long endangered French impenetration, are strikingly depicted. Distinctions, finely drawn, but not fine, strip away many popular misapprehensions. Thus the cruelty of the Iroquois,

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ANGELS' MIRTH
by Ethel Cook Eliot

We publish a novel now and then, and have learned to hold our hats on tight afterwards, trying to be ready for anything. This one, *Angels' Mirth,* is wholly unlike those we have published before—except that it is a very fine book; just as Mrs. Eliot is quite unlike any of our other authors—except that she can write. Nearly everybody seems to have enjoyed her last book, *Her Soul to Keep,* which sold 10,000 copies. Now comes this one, and we are waiting (both hands clutching our hats) to see what becomes of it—our private opinion being that it is one of the most splendid novels (Catholic or not) to be published this year. ($2.00)

THE RUSSIAN CHURCH
by Julie Danzas

Chesterton once said that Russians had every virtue except commonsense, and this book on the origins and history of their Church begins to make us understand why they are so lacking in this dull but important quality. Russians, apparently, can have tremendous reverence for holiness side by side with complete indifference to sin, almost-worship for hermits with contempt for priests. Julie Danzas knows the Russian Church from the inside, knows most of the more important members of the hierarchy, is Russian and loves Russia, but is also a Catholic and has lived away from her country long enough to see it from the outside. This is an important book for an understanding of the background of Communism, and to remind us of the very great courage of the many Russians who have died for their Faith. ($1.50)

TYPOGRAPHY
by Eric Gill

The author is well known as a sculptor-writer-artist-typographer, and as a man who is not specially good at keeping out of a fight. We published the present volume (which is largely concerned with other things than typography) first in a limited, signed edition at $5.00, but we found that there were more people who liked Eric Gill and his views on art than this provided for. So we are reprinting it in a revised, unlimited edition, with a new chapter added. It looks very good, and costs only $2.00.

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who so brutally tortured their captives, the most prominent of whom were Saint Isaac Jogues and his brother martyrs, is shown to have had its roots in a religious, but not in a pure and reasonless, sadism. The religious thread runs through the entire Indian history Mr. Sargent unfolds—the Algonquins, "paralyzed spiritually into an impassivity" from which, aged through the dumb patience of centuries, only their High God could release them; the Iroquois, who had drunk from the stream of the Aztec religion, considered themselves "Ongwe-Owe" ("the only true, or the men of men"), and the preservation of their sense of superiority, coupled with the intensest ancestor-worship, became for them the core of a highly ritualized religion. "The Algonquins would accept what Heaven sent them; the Iroquois would storm Heaven."

The religious motif is also predominant in Mr. Sargent's analysis of the French position. One finds obvious the cause of God as the explanation of a Brébeuf, a Mère Marie and their glorious missionary companions; but back of them, too, lay the great spiritual awakening in the France of their day. Catholicism and commercialism, God and Caesar, were in conflict originally in New France, and Mr. Sargent is keen and felicitous enough to write in the terms of that conflict.

JOHN GILLAND BRUNINI.

Lords of the Realm

House of Orleans, by M. Coryn. New York: Frederick A. Stokes Company. $3.00.

MISS CORYN'S book is a colorful and dramatic account of one of the most turbulent periods in the history of France. In 1380, Charles VI ascended the throne. From that time to the accession of Louis XII in 1498 France was in the throes of a transition from an outmoded feudalism to the development of the foundations of our modern civilization. Petty quarrels among the lords of the realm, wholesale rifling of the treasury, and chicanery in all its many forms, were the order of the day. No quarrel of the period was more constant than that between the Duke of Orleans and Burgundy. This childish rivalry brought the country people to destitution, laid waste great sections of France and, ultimately, gave the English King his opportunity for invasion.

Louis I of Orleans was the brother of King Charles VI, while Philip of Burgundy was the King's uncle and the first peer of France. After Philip's death, his son John, called, for no very definite reason, the Fearless, murdered the Duke of Orleans and boldly justified his crime on the grounds that the Duke was disloyal to the King. Charles, pathetically weak-minded and addicted to intermittent fits of madness, forgave Burgundy. A few years later, however, the young Duke of Orleans, Louis's successor, found a champion in the person of his father-in-law, the ambitious Baron Bernard d'Armagnac, who carried on a vicious warfare against Burgundy. This was, indeed, the propitious moment for Henry V of England. With no legal right whatever, and in secret alliance with Burgundy, he claimed kingship over a divided and strife-

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torn France. The aftermath of it all was Agincourt. But on the field of Agincourt the spirit of nationalism was born, to become intensified and, finally, to blossom forth in the person of a frail girl in armor who raised the siege of Orleans and crowned the King at Reims.

Against the swiftly changing background of fifteenth-century France with all its historical events and personal intrigues Miss Coryn has sketched vividly and deftly the rise of the house of Orleans to royal power in France. In the reviewer's opinion, however, too little attention has been given to the personality and accomplishments of Jeanne d'Arc, the saviour of France, and too much attention to the rather childish escapades of the dull-witted lords of the realm. However, Miss Coryn's account is a graphic one, well authenticated by frequent references to contemporary sources.

EDWARD J. CLARKE.

A Young Couple

They Walk in the City, by J. B. Priestly. New York: Harper and Brothers. $2.50.

MR. PRIESTLY describes his book as a "new allegory of simple young people in a complicated old world." The young people are here, simple and appealing. So is the complicated world with its factories, shops and Communists, all portrayed in Mr. Priestly's best manner. If the allegory itself is not so apparent, it is doubtless because of the author's inherent merits—a genius for observation, a sympathetic interest in every character he creates, no matter how inconsequential to his story, and a zest for writing which results in digressions relished by the leisurely reader, but often detrimental to the focus of a message. The significance of any allegory would be diverted if not actually snowed under by abundant detail of such as the Keep-Yu-Kozee factory in Haliford, the Belvedere Trading Company, the Copper Kettle Café, and particularly by Robert Raeburn's.

Mr. Priestly's emotional situations smack of Dickens, his characters of Walpole, and his coincidences of Hardy. Here is his story: A young couple catch a glimpse of one another in a park, a glimpse fleeting but remembered by both. A few days later, chancing to meet, they fall in love. When the young man is unavoidably late for their first engagement, the girl, believing him fickle, carries out an earlier plan of seeking work in London. He pursues, arriving at one place just following her departure for another. When he finally locates her, she, innocent victim of a thieving roommate, is being sought by the police. Almost immediately they are again separated, this time by a Communist demonstration. Eventually he finds her in a disreputable house where she has been imprisoned, and together they report to the police a murder which they have discovered there.

The book falls apart as one reads it, for its allegory is not convincing enough to hold the slightness of its story to the enormity of its background. While each of these two is in itself successful, combined they result in an interesting book, but hardly a powerful one.

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Sugar Cane

Stubborn Roots, by Elma Godchaux. New York: The Macmillan Company. $2.50.

HAD ELMA GODCHAUX made Anton Schaxsnaydre, rather than his wife, Marie Elizabeth, the dominant character of her book, it would be an unusually fine novel. As it is, sufficient of Anton, née Anthony Schneider, comes into the book to lend it the strength and universality which his wife's character does not. Too much intentness on the latter has caused neglect of the conflict which two such mates must have precipitated. The author dodges this by unconvincingly blinding Anton to the true nature of Marie Elizabeth—a possessive, vindictive and uneducated woman whose wantonness was not realized because of expediency. Anton is the eternal type, strong in the strength of his land, flourishing when the sugar-cane waved tall over his many riverland acres, suffering with it when nature turned destructive or parsimonious, rooting his life in his fields. There is meetness then in his death's coincidence with the Mississippi's engulfment of his life-work. Before the great sweep of this tragedy, which provides a stirring climax, Marie Elizabeth is dwarfed. Meretricious "local color" finds little place in the book which can be enthusiastically recommended for its realistic portrayal of life on a Southern sugar plantation.

Grasmere

George and Sarah Green, by Dorothy Wordsworth; edited by E. de Selincourt. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.00.

DURING 1808, Grasmere was much saddened by the death of the Greens, a poor couple with several small children, during a snow-storm which caused them to go astray in the mountains. Neighbors did their best to help; and to fulfil the wish of her brother Dorothy Wordsworth wrote a "narrative" which was never printed. Professor De Selincourt has not edited it from the original manuscript, supplying in a careful and agreeable preface all the needed information. He is justified in believing that the story is told with rare directness and skill. Besides, the associations make this an unusually desirable little book.

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